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THE HORN BOOK

Magazine

Published Four Times a Year

By

The Bookshop for Boys and Girls

WOMEN'S EDUCATIONAL AND INDUSTRIAL UNION
270 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

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VOLUME IV
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Randolph Caldecott's drawings adapted and reproduced through the courtesy of Frederick Warne & Company

THE HORN BOOK

Volume IV NOVEMBER, 1928 *Number 4*

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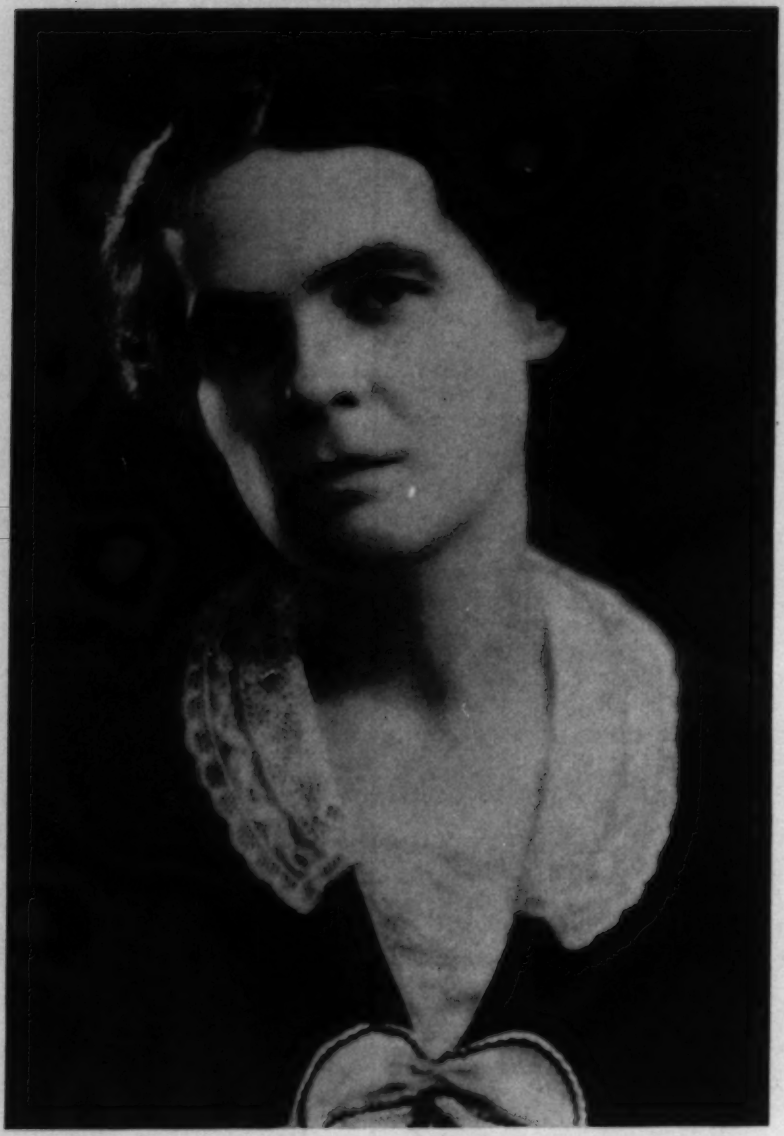


CORNELIA MEIGS
Author of "Clearing Weather"

(Through the courtesy of Little Brown & Co.)

THE READING CONTEST

PRIZES! PRIZES! PRIZES!

That is what the red-coated hunters are announcing in this number. Prizes for the 1928 Reading Contest!

* * *

To the boy or girl who does the most good reading during the year — 10 books.

Won by SARAH ATHERTON, 14 years (Boston)

Sixty good books for which she entered book-notes showing that she had read them with judgment and intelligence.

* * *

To the boy or girl who sends in the largest number of good book-notes on the books read during the year — 5 books.

Won by BETTY SPAIN, 13 years (Swampscott, Mass.)

Sixty-three excellent book-notes which were well-expressed and showed that she enjoys variety in her reading and has interesting things to say about the books she has read.

* * *

To the boy or girl who sends in the best book-note during the year — 1 book.

Won by HARRIET VERNON, 14 years (Baltimore, Md.)

GETTYSBURG BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

"Gettysburg" is a story of Civil War times, and the plot centers particularly around the quaint Pennsylvania town where the decisive battle for freedom was fought and won. It deals chiefly with a woman who loses her husband in the great battle, but the author cleverly introduces several other rather picturesque characters — an Irish woman, a benevolent judge, a timid soldier who suddenly becomes brave, a blind man, and a coach driver. Then there is

Lincoln's Gettysburg address, the dedication of the National Cemetery, and other bits of history woven into the story. To me, stories that are founded on fact are especially interesting, and this combined with Miss Singmaster's vivid descriptions and unusual ability to make one feel the situations, made me like it still more. Later the sadness of the warped and maimed lives and the pathos of devastation made me feel, if possible, still greater than before, the glory of freedom and the folly of war.

The Editors of The Horn Book have been very much pleased with the results of the contest but they have decided that a different group of requirements will perhaps bring even greater satisfaction. Consequently the prizes for the 1929 contest will be given as follows:

For Boys and Girls 13 years old and under —

For the best set of fifteen book-notes on as many well-chosen books, each book-note not to be more than 200 words or less than 100 — a prize of 10 books.

For Boys and Girls 14 years old and over —

For the best set of twenty-five book-notes on as many good books, each book-note not to be more than 200 words or less than 100 — a prize of 10 books.

We prefer to have the book-notes sent in as soon as the book has been read and the note written, rather than in sets at the end of the time given. This will enable us to select some of them for printing in each number of The Horn Book. A contestant may enter as many book-notes as he or she wishes. If more than the required number are entered, the chance of having a prize set may be better. Book-notes entered for the 1928 contest and received too late will be held for next year's contest.

Address all entries to The Horn Book, 270 Boylston Street, Boston. The contest begins NOW and closes October 1, 1929. Do not fail to put name, address and AGE on every book-note sent in. The announcement of prizes will appear next Children's Book Week.

We print below the names of the boys and girls who took part in this contest, and the names of those who did particularly well are printed in capital letters.

ACHESON, JUDY New York City
ADAMS, ABIGAIL South Lincoln, Mass.
ATHERTON, NANCY Boston
ATHERTON, SARAH Boston
BECK, BETTY Cincinnati, Ohio
BLOCH, E. MAURICE New York City
BLOCH, EMANUEL New York City
BONNELL, HELEN S. Philadelphia
BRUNS, PAUL New York City
CLAPP, EMILY R. Rochester, N. Y.
CLARK, IDA L. New York City
CONNELL, LORAINE New York City
COOPER, ELSIE Everett, Wash.
DELGADO, FLORENCE New York City
DONOVAN, PATRICIA Washington, D. C.
DUSCHATKO, ALFRED New York City
DYER, HARRY New York City
EHRHARDT, MARIE Cincinnati, Ohio
ELSON, LILLIAN New York City
ENGELKE, EDNA M. New York City
ESSERMAN, SHIRLEY New York City
FINGER, MILTON New York City
FRANKLIN, ALICE Cincinnati, Ohio
FRYE, JOHN Tampa, Fla.
FREEMAN, SYLVIA New York City
GANELES, SARAH New York City
GARGLI, FRANCES A. New York City
GLENN, JEAN New York City
GOLDENBERG, MARGARET New York City
GOLDKILLER, FRANK Cincinnati, Ohio
GOLDREYER, SELMA New York City
GRACELEY, MARY ELIZABETH Cincinnati, Ohio
GREENOUGH, GENE Oshkosh, Wis.
HAUSER, HENRIETTA New York City
HENDLEY, CHARLES New York City
HENDRICK, ALICE STUART Nashville, Tenn.
HOLLE, HOPE Cincinnati, Ohio
KABAC, ESTHER New York City
KANTOR, BEATRICE New York City
KAUFMAN, IRENE New York City
KELLER, DOROTHY New York City
KLAIMAN, ROSE New York City
KRAMER, GLADYS Cincinnati, Ohio
LEWIN, MORTIMER New York City
MAAS, SAMUEL Cincinnati, Ohio
MAIBAUM, GLADYS New York City
MANION, WINIFRED Oshkosh, Wis.
MANNING, ROBERT N. Plainville, Conn.
MARSTON, SALLY Skowhegan, Me.
MASON, HELEN E. Dedham, Mass.
MATHEWS, LOUISE Portsmouth, N. H.
MCCARTHY, KATHRYN Cincinnati, Ohio
MCHUGH, MONICA Cincinnati, Ohio
MURDOCK, MARY JANE Detroit, Mich.
NIELSEN, RALPH Milwaukee, Wis.
NIEMEYER, VERA Cincinnati, Ohio
OSTRO, HELEN New York City
PRICE, MARION Pittsburgh, Pa.
ROBERS, HELEN Cincinnati, Ohio
ROSENHAIN, NORMAN New York City
ROSENZWEIG, PAULA New York City
SAFIAN, EVELYN New York City
SAFIER, EVELYN New York City
SALAVIN, SHIRLEY New York City
SCHAEFER, JOHN C., JR. New York City
SCHELL, ESTHER Cambridge, Mass.
SERATING, MYRA New York City
SIEGEL, MARVIN New York City
SIMPSON, GRACE Cincinnati, Ohio
SORCLON, ELLA New York City
SPAIN, BETTY Swampscott, Mass.
STEINAMANN, ANITA Cincinnati, Ohio
VERNON, HARRIET Baltimore, Md.
WALLACE, VIRGINIA New York City
WILLIAMS, EUGENE New York City
WEHLE, DELL New York City
WUNDER, EDYTHE New York City

Book Notes by Young People
Selected from Those Submitted for the Contest

RAIN ON THE ROOF BY CORNELIA MEIGS *Macmillan* $2.00

I liked only part of this book. I did not like Mr. Toby or that part at all. What I liked was the stories Mr. Selwyn told Christopher, Phyllis and Timmy Peters. I liked the story of David giving the Queen what he thought was a toy when it was really The Royal Seal of Scotland. And now I guess I really liked the last part of Mr. Toby, it was so dark and mysterious, and Sam Durg seemed such a bad man that it sort of enchanted me.

THE VOYAGE OF THE NORMAN D. BY BARBARA NEWHALL FOLLETT *Knopf* 2.00

I did not like this book at all well. It was interesting in some places I'll admit, but it was not mysterious and exciting except where they were going to write a letter of complaint against Captain Avery, but that soon passed over. It is a good book for finding out things about ships in, but it does not quite suit me. I like ADVENTURE, PIRATES, and such things.

MRS. CHATTERBOX AND HER FAMILY BY LOUISE CONNOLLY *Macmillan* 2.00

This book amused me considerably, especially Blanche, because she was always doing something and not just having the book tell about it. Her sister Susie also amused me with her character: first she is kind, then sharp, then frightened, and last, shy. Some of the things were old-fashioned, like hooped skirts and egg picking. Her father and mother seem to me rather willing to do things Blanche wants, but perhaps that's old-fashioned, too. Cousin Blanche is very unreal to me, at least her story sets her apart, but I think she is just as nice anyhow. The concert was grand and the songs, and all together it was a fine book.

All of the above notes are by Esther Schell, Cambridge (aged 9). We wish we could print every one of her fine set of book-notes.

THE HOUSE WITHOUT WINDOWS BY BARBARA NEWHALL FOLLETT *Knopf* 2.00

This book, "The House Without Windows," was written by Barbara Newhall Follett, nine years old. The first copy was lost in a fire and it was rewritten from memory and finished when she was twelve.

Barbara herself, being very fond of nature, writes of a little girl, Eepersip, who tires of home and its set surroundings and runs away to live in the forest of Mt. Varcrobis. Eepersip makes friends with the creatures of the meadows, woods, sea, and air. Her parents try to get her to come back but she evades them every time.

Eepersip has a longing for the sea. She goes there to live and tries to draw her small sister, Fleuriss, there also. Fleuriss gets homesick, so Eepersip takes her home and then longing for the mountains, goes to them. After a while Eepersip comes down to the meadows. She seems lighter than ever before, as she can easily sit on top of a lilac bush. As she sits there she vanishes into the air.

A fanciful tale, indeed, but I thoroughly enjoyed it, especially as it was written by a girl about my own age.

THE BOY WHALEMAN BY GEORGE TUCKER *Little* 2.00

"The Boy Whaleman" is a story of very thrilling experiences on a whale ship, and I enjoyed it very much. It told a good deal about whales, of which I knew very little — how they sighted them, chased them, speared them, the value of the whale, the seldom found ambergris, and the prizes given during and after the voyage.

It was all so interesting and thrilling that I hated to leave it until I had finished it.

These two are chosen from Betty Spain's group of book-notes.

MAY ALCOTT BY CAROLINE TICKNOR *Little* 3.00

"May Alcott" was written in memory of May and the Alcott family. May was "Amy" in "Little Women." "Jo" was Louisa, the author. "Meg" was Anne and "Beth" was Elizabeth.

In this book there are five pen sketches of rooms and places May visited while in Europe. She drew them at her desk or table in her leisure hours. May would not have been able to go to Europe if

it had not been for her sister Louisa. Louisa gave May small sums of money which she had earned from her books. May painted many pictures while she was in Europe. She had quite a few pictures accepted in different museums. The first one was a small still-life. She was very proud to think her little picture had been accepted when a friend of hers who had studied art in Europe for a long time had entered a picture which was rejected. Later this friend painted a picture of May, which May bought and sent across the ocean to her mother.

A very interesting part of the book is when May and a friend go up into the Alps to the St. Bernard Pass. It was a beautiful summer day when they started, but after climbing the mountain a while a big storm arose.

Most of the people going up the mountain stopped at a tavern nearby. May and her friend, seeing the tavern was crowded and stuffy, kept on going with their guide. They passed through streams where bridges had been washed away, dripping grass, and were soaked to the skin by the steady downpour of rain. When they reached the monastery the monks welcomed them and they went to their rooms, where dry clothes awaited them. The clothes were French peasants' costumes. This pleased May very much.

The next day when May and her friend went down the mountain May said she was glad it was a stormy day when they went up, as she had enjoyed it so. The trip down the mountain was very pleasant, as it was a beautiful sunny day.

After I had finished reading this book I felt I knew the Alcott family much better than before. It has many interesting facts about the Alcotts, giving things written in their diaries — Anne's and May's marriage, Louisa's success in writing, and May's baby, which, after May's death, when the baby was born, was sent to Louisa to be taken care of. There are also many other interesting episodes.

I hope boys and girls, after reading this book, will enjoy it as much as I did. I am sure all will like this book.

MARY JANE MURDOCK (Age 12), Detroit.

LOOKING BACKWARD

A Historical Bookshelf

REVIEWED BY MARION FLORENCE LANSING

IN the background of my mind, as I look at the bookshelf which the publishers have filled this fall with colorful new books, is a summer picture of my young nephew. "A Study in Brown" we called it when we walked around the old, russet-colored armchair in which was curled this big "small-boy" — you know the age — not quite over being a small boy, and yet so big that brown legs and arms overflowed the bounds of the capacious chair even as they were straining through the khaki suit which was getting tighter every week. What did he get out of the books in which he lost himself for hours, when swimming, boating, and hiking were not absorbing his attention? What are all these books going to give to the youngsters who devour them so eagerly?

One group stands on the fascinating borderland between fact and fiction. Through the charm of the story method young readers will be transplanted to another period in which boys and girls lived a different life from that of today. These books must meet the double test of a story which is worth the telling and a period which is worth the pains taken to reproduce it. The story the children will insist on; the background they should absorb so naturally that it is hardly realized save as adding to the charm of the story. Yet we who select the books must consider what their readers will bring back from this excursion into the past.

Editor's Note: Miss Lansing has written two fine new books for boys and girls, "Magic Gold" (see page 62), and "Great Moments in Exploration." Her earlier books are: "Great Moments in Science" (Doubleday, $2.50); "Barbarian and Noble," "Patriots and Tyrants," (each, Ginn, 68 cents); "Life in the Greenwood," "Page, Esquire and Knight," "Quaint Old Stories," "Tales of Old England," "Rhymes and Stories," "Fairy Tales," two volumes, (each, Ginn, 68 cents).

Those who travel to Missouri with Medora Mehitable Green, aged eight, will be so charmed with "Miss Medora" (as she liked to be called) that they will absorb the excellent picture of pioneer days which Miss Darby gives in "Skip-Come-A-Lou" without the least idea that information is being conveyed to them. The situation is entirely natural: a Boston father planning to take the long journey over the Santa Fé trail and leaving his motherless little

From "Abe Lincoln Grows Up"
Illustrated by James Daugherty
(Harcourt)

daughter for the winter in the care of the kind people at the tavern, which was his last stopping-place before he set forth on the harder stage of his trip. The temptation in such a story would be so to emphasize the differences between the little city girl and her new surroundings as to make the child seem superior and priggish. Miss Darby shows real skill in bringing out these differences without making the new life hard or distasteful. To be sure, we

sympathize with the little girl in her desire to wear her white muslin pantalettes to school instead of the ugly nankeen ones, which were far more suitable. But the famous Washington Irving himself, who was entertained in the best room of the tavern at the time of the episode of the pantalettes, was equally sympathetic, and consoled her by the promise of a present from New York, which arrived a couple of months later, and turned out to be an equally unsuitable but extremely satisfying blue plush bonnet for her doll. Getting into mischief was so much easier than staying out, as she led a busy, happy life with the stray dog she had been allowed to adopt and her pet ducklings and kittens. "Don't you think it would be a great deal better if you'd pray to be more mindful and obedient, instead of having to ask God so often to help you out of trouble?" her big foster sister asked her. "I guess it would," she admitted honestly, "and I'll try to remember. . . . But I know it won't be as interesting." Miss Medora need not have feared. Even on her best behavior she never ceases to be interesting.

The atmosphere of another period of our American pioneer days is caught by Allen Chaffee, who finds his setting in Washington Territory and the Oregon country in the days of the gold hunters of 1852. We talk of the freedom of our modern young people. Yet what adventures can they have to equal those of the seventeen-year-old girl and her two brothers in "Linda's El Dorado," who journey across the country at first with a caravan, and then by themselves, to meet their father, who has summoned them to a spot high in the mountains, at which they arrive safely, only to find him mysteriously missing? This is a good story, well-told, with plenty of adventure of a not too unlikely kind.

Indians appear occasionally in the pages of all these books. They, with pirates, sailors, Friends, and backwoodsmen, make the company who move through the pages

of Clifton Lisle's "Lenapé Trails." With all the praise that one can honestly give to this picture of the setting up of a home on the edge of the beautiful William Penn territory, in the days when Philadelphia was a rural town, one feels, as the two boys in the story must have felt, a bit overwhelmed at the variety of experiences which met them on their arrival from England, and at the number of characters which crowd into the picture. The historical background of a story, however well done, should never be allowed to hinder or confuse the story movement. While the spirit of this book is excellent, and the pen pictures are uncommonly good, the plot would bear pruning.

And then one picks up a book with a picture on the jacket of men poling a flatboat along a stretch of blue river, and finds that in "Longshanks" Stephen W. Meader has done just that difficult thing of eliminating from his plot all save that which contributes directly to its swift movement and making his characters stand out strongly and simply. On the incident of Abraham Lincoln's journey as a young man from Illinois to New Orleans is built the story of a boy, Tad, who takes the trip with "Abe" and adds much to its adventure. It is a simple story, full of excitement, yet not over-ambitious, which will take its place in the list of good Lincoln fiction. One commends Mr. Meader as much for what he has refrained from attempting as for what he has done so well.

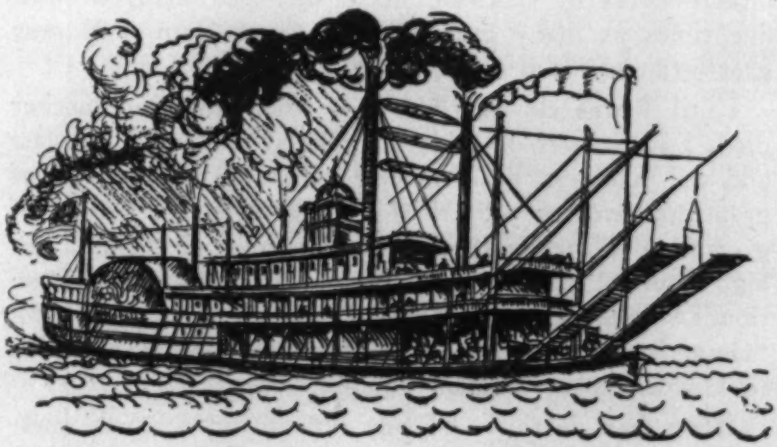
His book might prepare the way for the more serious biography, "Abe Lincoln Grows Up," by Carl Sandburg, which consists of the first twenty-seven chapters of his well-known "Abraham Lincoln, the Prairie Years," written for general reading and here set apart for juvenile use. This is an able, thoughtful, and interesting presentation of Lincoln's early life. To older boys and girls, already interested in Lincoln, it will have its appeal. As a reference and source book it will be in constant demand.

My young nephew will like them all, as will many an-

other fortunate youngster. He will absorb from them a true and vivid picture of life in the periods of American history with which they deal. To that extent they more than justify their admission to our shelves as furnishing part of the legitimate inheritance of the modern American boy and girl. Some incidents in each one will probably stick in his memory. "Miss Medora" and Tad and "Longshanks" will stand out as real people, whose story would be worth telling against any suitable background.

Books reviewed in this article :

SKIP-COME-A-LOU, by Ada Claire Darby	*Stokes*	$1.75
LINDA'S EL DORADO, by Allen Chaffee	*Century*	1.75
LENAPÉ TRAILS, by Clifton Lisle	*Harcourt*	2.00
LONGSHANKS, by Stephen W. Meader	*Harcourt*	2.00
ABE LINCOLN GROWS UP, by Carl Sandburg * Illustrated by James Daugherty	*Harcourt*	2.50



From "Abe Lincoln Grows Up." Illustrated by James Daugherty (Harcourt)

EARLY DAYS IN MISSOURI

By Ada Claire Darby

When I think of "Pinafores and Pantalettes," "Skip-Come-A-Lou," and other stories of long-ago children yet to be written, I feel as if I had begun by looking at my native state through the small end of a telescope and later had turned it around to look through the large end. So small was my first realization of this interesting field for stories, so expansive does it seem to me now.

The starting place is Oakwood, from the viewpoint of a little girl. Oakwood is "the big, brick house with tall chimneys and green shutters" where the children who wore pinafores and pantalettes lived. My mother was one of those children, and after she was married she went back there every summer to visit, taking her children with her, as each of her brothers and sisters had done. The hospitable eaves of Oakwood have sheltered many broods, five times as many grandchildren as children, and now great-grandchildren are living there.

Until I was eleven years old, when my grandmother died, I spent part of every summer at Oakwood, the last and the youngest, by a number of years, of the flock of grandchildren. A solitary child, I enjoyed the society of grown-ups, played with the little negroes, or peopled the big, beautiful grounds with companions of my own invention. Whatever I did, it was all bliss to me at Oakwood. "Going to Grandmother's" was the equivalent of going to Heaven in my childish thought.

After her death I did not return for a great many years. But I grew up with certain ineradicable impressions stamped on my consciousness. Impressions of dignified old people, to whom everybody, mothers and uncles, big sisters and children alike, paid deference; impressions of hospitality which encompassed all kinds of people and was

somehow an obligation as well as a pleasure; impressions of everybody reading.

As I grew older Mother and I reminisced a great deal about Oakwood. Next to recalling my own childhood there, was the delight of hearing about hers, which, in the very same setting, had been so different from my own. There were children galore in her life and comparatively few indulgences; in mine the case was just reversed. Yet the result seemed to be about the same — a strong family affection, a great enjoyment of sociability, and an enduring love of books.

A number of years ago I made my first visit to Oakwood since Grandmother's death. The great walnut trees under which I had played were now so large that their branches extended far over the roof of the house, and the fourth generation was then playing under them. There was a little eleven-year-old boy who escorted me to the cyclone cellar, showed me the stump of petrified wood where I used to climb on the old saddle horse, and wound up at the "gap," where he perched on the gate to watch the cows coming up to be milked, as I had always done, shivering with excitement at the thought one might fall off the fence onto some of those sharp horns.

There were the old cabins where the slaves had lived, the old kitchen where such famous dinners had been cooked, the old library where one climbed a stepladder to rake the most interesting books off the top shelves. There was even an old negro pottering about the place with a proprietary eye on everything.

A poignant sense of the charm that lies in the continuity of life impressed me as I reminisced with the little eleven-year-old about the things which children of every age enjoy. The old house said to me, "There are stories behind these green shutters, under these broad eaves; stories of children who wore pinafores and pantalettes. The oldest of them came down that winding stair to be married

at seventeen, while the youngest was carried in his mother's arms."

I went away and thought about it all, and by and by I wrote the story which is called "Pinafores and Pantalettes." All the people in it were members of the household at Oakwood and most of the incidents are true. The dignified old people of the first generation have long since been gathered to their fathers, and there are, alas! many gaps among the elderly ranks of the next generation, but there is still a large clan of relations united by a strong bond of affection for each other and for the blessed old place where every one of us spent many happy hours in childhood. And if there is anything pleasanter than relations who really like and enjoy each other, I do not know it.

About a year after "Pinafores and Pantalettes" was published a friendly editor with a warm spot in her heart for those long-ago children wrote and asked me if I wouldn't write for her publishing house another juvenile book of that period. In a more or less grilling experience with manuscripts I had received a good many letters from editors, thanking me for the privilege of reading my story, and regretting that, in spite of its unquestioned merit, it was not exactly what they were looking for at that time, etc., etc. Up to now no editor had solicited a manuscript from me, however "unquestioned its merit." A large and unexpected legacy might have surprised and delighted me more — but I doubt it.

For this story I had no memories of real children, but again I had a place for a starting point. I had visited the Old Tavern at Arrowrock, which is not far from Oakwood, and which has been continuously in operation since those pioneer days when my grandfather, riding about the county on horseback to try his law cases, sometimes spent the night at the tavern, where a sign proclaimed: "Wellcome for man and beast; refreshment fifty cents."

It, too, said to me, "There is a story here." There

was, however, no one to recall it for me, as its associations went deeper into the past than my mother's generation. So I began to read everything about Missouri in the thirties that I could find, and just there I reversed the telescope from the lens of personal interest to the large lens of the historic.

Skip-Come-A-Lou
From "Abe Lincoln Grows Up"
Illustrated by James Daugherty
(Harcourt)

The glass of history covers great drama in Missouri, and Oh, what brave, romantic figures play the leading rôles! The days of the Civil War with its bitter guerilla warfare of a border state have lent themselves to fiction many times, and the era before the Louisiana Purchase has also captured the writer's imagination. But in between lie four periods, closely interlocked, when Missouri was emerging from pioneer territory into pioneer state, from which I am weaving these homespun stories.

In the old garret at Oakwood are trunks and trunks of old letters, and in those letters one can read history in the making. Letters written in the days when the first steam-

boats were snorting up the Missouri River and the first newspaper, west of the Mississippi, was struggling for existence. When men with the spirit of Daniel Boone were pitting their lives on the desert, against Indians and famine, to blaze the famous Santa Fé trail over which luxurious travelers of today flash on shining rails to California.

If there is any value in looking backward, it is for the light it throws upon the path ahead. The spirit of the pioneer deserves to be handed on to the next generation. The first commandment of his life, as of all trail blazers, was "Go on or die." Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls must thrill to that, and children nowadays, it seems to me, must be interested, as I am, in those long-ago children who grew to be such brave men and women.

Pinafores and Pantelettes	*Page*	$1.75
Skip-Come-A-Lou	*Stokes*	1.75

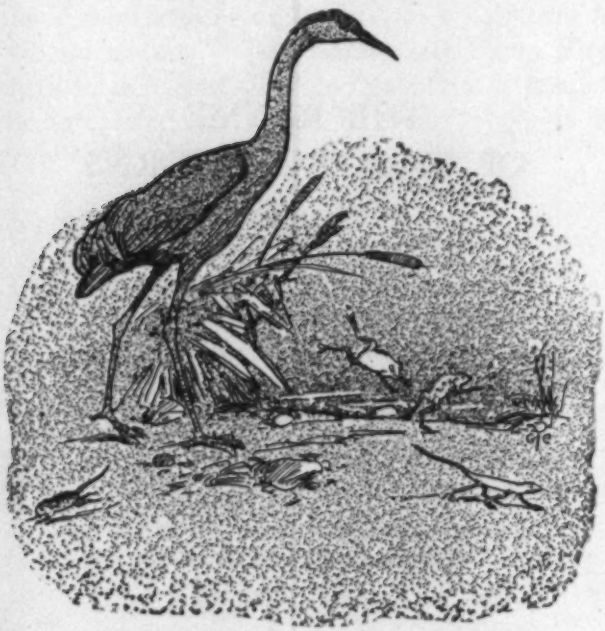
THE RHYME OF THE PRONGHORNS

By Mary Austin

This is the tale that the howlers tell
At the end of the hunting weather,
When the quick rain rills
On the bare, burnt hills,
And they talk in the lair together:
Gray coyote and lean gray mate,
And little gray cubs that cry
When the wet wind shrills
In the lone, waste hills,
And the rains go roaring by.

Now this is the law the pronghorn makes
For himself and the fawn and the doe,
When the rank wild oats are belly-deep,
And the waning poppies blow:
The young must run at the mother's flank,
But the bucks, they run alone
From the time the old year's horns are cast,
Till the new year's horns are grown.

And up they go by the tumbled hills
  Where the windy mesas lie,
And the black rock slips from the ruined lips
  Of the craters stark and high;
And far they range, and fast they run;
  But the howlers mark them go.
Oh, still and fleet are the padding feet,
  And many a trick we know!



We bay them down from the feeding-ground,
  We fend them back from the pool,
And ever we raise the hunting howl
  When the sun-warmed mesas cool.
And well they need both wind and speed
  When the gray coyote pack,
By twos and threes from the hidden hills,
  Breathes hot on the pronghorn's track.

Oh, the red hawk knows where the gophers run,
The mice hear the elf owl call,
The badger hunts for the squirrel hills;
But man, he hunts for us all.
And he has taken the pronghorn doe
And the buck with his gun and his snare;
He has set him a price on the howler's skin,
And tracked us home to the lair.

And now we lurk in the scrub by day,
And now we slink in the dark;
And only the foolish rabbits quake,
And only the squirrels hark.
And we must bark at the mesa moon,
And round by the sheepfolds prowl,
With never a kill that is worth our skill,
To raise at our hunting howl.
And we must eat of the sun-dried meat
Of the herds when the pastures fail,
And we who were lords of the mesa-lands
Must skulk from the white man's trail.

Gray coyote and lean gray mate,
And little gray cubs that bark,
Hearing the tale that their fathers tell
Up in the lair in the dark.

From "The Children Sing in the Far West,"
by Mary Austin (Houghton Mifflin, $2.00).

Drawings by Gerald Cassidy.

Reprinted through the courtesy of the publishers.

FROM ALCHEMY TO SCIENCE

By Alice M. Jordan, *Supervisor of Work with Children, Boston Public Library*

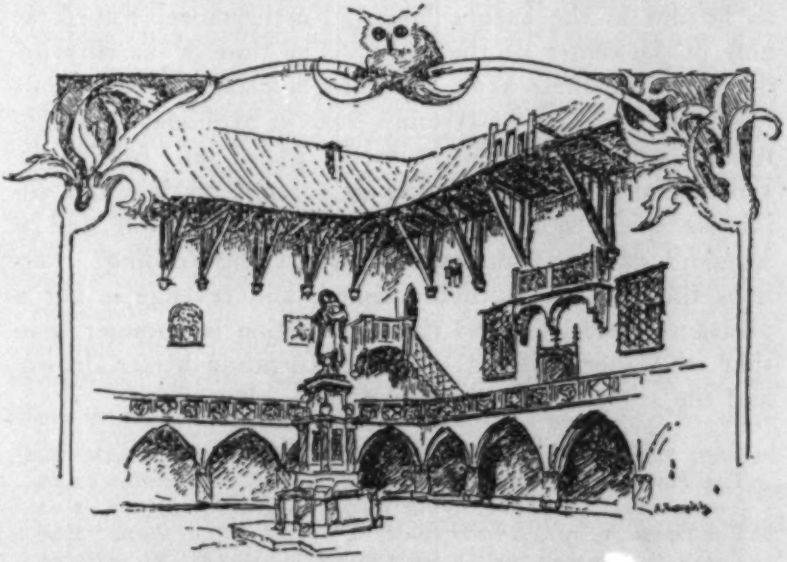
In the Old Archives of the city of Krakow is an ancient Book of Oaths, which contains among others the vow taken by the Krakow Trumpeters, to be faithful to the whole city in the service which they rendered with the trumpet. Diligence in keeping watch against fire, faithfulness in sounding upon the trumpet the hour of the day and night, these were the duties of the trumpeter high up in the tower of the Church of Our Lady Mary. Poland in the Fifteenth Century held memories of pillaging and fire, of a helpless peasantry fleeing before Tartar invaders to take refuge within the gates of Krakow and the turreted castle of the kings and nobles. It remembered a young trumpeter of an earlier century whose life was laid down as he was finishing his hymn while the enemy raged in the streets below.

After his time no later trumpeter prolonged the hymn beyond that broken note. When Joseph, the hero of the story of "The Trumpeter of Krakow," took his turn at this service he told his young friend, Elzbietka, that if in his song notes should ever be added to that broken strain, she must send him aid, for danger would surely be at hand.

And danger came. Around the possession of the Great Tarnov Crystal with its indefinable fascination and its occult powers is woven a tale of exciting adventure set against an authentic historical background. The old alchemist, with his scientific experiments, bordering so closely upon magic, gives the touch of mystery that surrounds any suggestion of the Black Arts of the Middle Ages. Tartars and Cossacks, savage outcasts like Bogdan the Terrible, gentle scholars like Pan Kanty, greedy students like Johann Tring, here is a strange gallery of characters seen through the eyes of a fifteen-year-old boy, a boy with normal curiosity who loved his dog as a boy does today. Eric Kelly writes from a real knowledge of Poland, its history and traditions, as well as its picturesque beauty of landscape.

By contrast, a boy of the present day leads a peaceful and sheltered life. "Junior Starke, Poundman," carries us a long way from Fifteenth Century Poland; it takes us from alchemy to modern science, in fact. It is the introduction into this story of the newer medical knowledge, the use of a serum to combat the dangerous poison to which fishermen are subject, that gives a sense of newness to familiar machinery. A summer spent among the hardy and resourceful Scandinavians at a fish-pound on the New Jersey coast restores the nerves of a boy who has been through a bad accident. Endurance and courage are developed, respect for men of character, whatever their station, is established, and Junior (why do people use this as a Christian name?) makes lasting and worthy friendships among men of a perilous calling.

An abandoned vessel with an unguessed cargo, a German raider, a lonely coral island, a mad sailor, a handful of good-natured brown Kanakas, and one American boy of seventeen, here are the factors in Charles Nordhoff's vigorous sea story, "The Derelict." It was inevitable that the



From "The Trumpeter of Krakow." Illustrated by Angela Pruszynska (Macmillan)

daring exploits of Count von Luckner should early find their way into a story of adventure for boys. The raider capturing the *Tara,* on which Charles Selden was bound to the South Sea islands to make copra, is easily identified as the German craft so well known for her activity against Allied shipping in the World War. "The Derelict" continues some of the characters of "The Pearl Lagoon," as they meet with dangers of one kind and another from men and from the elements. Especially graphic is the description of a tropical hurricane and its furious assault upon a low-lying atoll, making a pitiful thing of the helplessness of man at such a time.

Almost every kind of a thrill awaits the reader of "Kubrik the Outlaw." One has more than a suspicion that it is melodrama, but it is good melodrama. "Siberian Gold" introduced most of the characters, whose passions and ambitions strive for mastery in the gold fields of eastern Siberia. Stephen Wyld, the American engineer, has brought his wife, Joan, to the mine, and Kubrik, sometimes outlaw, sometimes horse dealer, befriends them both, as he did in the earlier book. Furthermore, Kubrik is now in the center of the story. The time is the close of the Russo-Japanese War, when the Siberian peasants, restless under the lash of tyranny, rose in Svoboda, or Revolution, and were easily turned against all foreigners. Plotting and counter plotting of corrupt officials and villainous spies, side by side with loyal devotion and a woman's daring, make sufficiently exciting reading. Perhaps there is too much bloodshed, and revenge is not a pleasant motive, but the characterization is stronger than that of "Siberian Gold," Joan is certainly better drawn, and the story is a more finished one, altogether.

Books reviewed in this article :

The Trumpeter of Krakow, by Eric P. Kelly	*Macmillan*	$2.50
Junior Starke Poundman, by Linwood L. Righter	*Doubleday*	2.00
The Derelict, by Charles Nordhoff	*Little*	2.00
Kubrik the Outlaw, by Theodore Acland Harper	*Doubleday*	2.00

THE SEARCH FOR FOUR-LEAF CLOVERS

By Florence Bethune Sloan, *Supervisor of Children's Work, Newton Free Library*

A SEARCH for good stories for girls among the books published annually is much like hunting for four-leaf clovers. One is almost certain, after a quick glance, that the coveted four leaf is found, but closer examination proves that it is not, but is only like hundreds of others that can be so easily picked.

With books for girls, from the vast array presented, how difficult it is to find those that measure up to our ideal of the story we think the modern girl is worthy of! For the most part we must be content with stories that are fair if we are going to fill the ever-growing demand from our girls for "something new." Happily, many girls who demand a strong, worth-while book read so-called "boys' books," but we must have some girls' stories for those who are limited in their tastes.

Elaine Goodale Eastman, who knows and understands girls from her successful experience in directing Summer Camps, has written in "The Luck of Oldacres" a story that will interest them. Oldacres, a lovely old New England farmhouse, and Grandfather Hollister were all that a widowed mother and her growing family possessed. The old homestead it had been and the mother had come back there to live when her husband had slipped out of life. Lorna, a big, blooming girl in a shabby green sweater pulled snugly down over a faded cotton frock, suddenly awakened to the conditions and realized the burdens her mother and Grandfather were carrying. Lorna planned to utilize all their resources: first of all, the farm and the lovely old brick homestead; the old-fashioned garden; Dan, the willing worker; mother, who was a "perfectly marvelous cook"; Grandfather's gift of "field magic," as the children called it; Nancy's cleverness with her fingers; and her own talents for singing and acting.

How the plans were made, successfully carried out and a Summer Camp opened at Oldacres is told in a swift moving story of fine family life, outdoor interests and resourcefulness.

Two stories for girls, "The Red Cape" by Rachel M. Varble and "Once There Was a Prince" by Aldis Dunbar, remind us of "Graustark" and "The Prisoner of Zenda." They will have the same charm for girls, we think, that the older books have had for "grown-ups."

From "Little Cabbages"
Illustrated by Nancy Barnhart
(Doubleday)

The scene of the story "The Red Cape" is an imaginary kingdom, O-garia. The little Princess Fayella, heiress to the throne, is banished from her kingdom when the people rebel against the rule of an unfair Dictator and a Revolution has broken out. The Princess is befriended and hidden from the soldiers, who follow her, by a kindly peasant woman, Nan Venda, who, when Fayella must go on further, wraps her in a Red Cape cherished by her because of its legendary past. Fayella has some unusual experiences, some of them incredible, perhaps, for one of her years, but she, of course, succeeds in evading the Revolutionists and in due time is brought back and crowned Princess. The story is slight, and situations are created to bring about the unusual events, but little girls will like

the Princess, as she is rather well drawn, and they will like the old world atmosphere, and the suggestion of "Little Red Riding Hood."

"Once There Was a Prince" will appeal to older girls for its romance and because of a splendid friendship in mediæval days. Prince Lillo, heir to the throne, a boy of fifteen, with the help of his faithful attendant, Blaize, determines to fit himself to become a real prince, able to overcome the cruel and tyrannical Prime Minister who has oppressed the people of Montaroya and win back his throne. The adventures of the Prince, Blaize's loyalty, and Barbara's part in the story will interest both boys and girls who are looking for adventure and romance.

"Little Cabbages," by Mildred Criss McGuckin, and "Mario's Castle," by Helen Cady Forbes, are books girls will enjoy who like travel and are interested in boys and girls of other lands. "Little Cabbages" has delightful pictures by Nancy Barnhart. It is a book that one must not put aside because of the beginning. The story improves as it grows, and when "Betty Lee" and her father, whom she calls "Peter," leave their home in the South and go to Paris, we, too, are glad to go; and we enjoy Paris, Biblio, the young artist, and Père Leopard, whose books were his best friends. He loved them and called them "mes petits choux" (my little cabbages, which is a Frenchman's way of saying my little darlings).

The descriptions of Paris are well done. One feels that the author knows and loves the "Quartier," Luxembourg Gardens, and other well-known places spoken of in the story. The end papers are interesting, showing "Biblio's beautiful kingdom."

"Mario's Castle" will give girls an opportunity to travel with Elizabeth, an American girl, to San Torello, Tuscany, where she meets Mario, a boy who is a Count and lives in the Castle Braga. The author knows Italy and the descriptions of the mountains, houses, customs and people are

very well done. The story interest centers around the adventures that Elizabeth and Mario have together, the most exciting of which is the discovery of a long lost painting of Dante and Beatrice. Girls will like this mystery that has such a satisfactory ending.

From "Little Cabbages"
Illustrated by Nancy Barnhart
(Doubleday)

One more book for girls who like history is Mary Constance Du Bois's story, "Captain Madeleine." A Mohawk village is the opening scene of this story, in the days when Canada was called "New France" and the Indians and the early French settlers were at war. Anda, the captive

French maiden, was adopted by the Indians and called "Daughter of the Sun." Roland, the white chief's son, is captured by the Indians and is brought into the Camp as a prisoner after his father had been killed. Anda, with her Indian ways but French heart, befriended her "white brother" and a close friendship grew up between them. She taught him the Iroquois speech, and when the opportunity came, together they escaped and reached Fort Verchères, on the shores of the St. Lawrence. The Mohawks attack the fort and Captain Madeleine, daughter of the Commander, defends the fort in her father's absence. The story of this encounter with and victory over the Indians is an exciting one, and will, we feel certain, satisfy the girls' requests for "something thrilling." Constance Du Bois always tells a good story and her historical background is authentic.

Books reviewed in this article :

Eastman, The Luck of Oldacres	*Century*	$1.75
Varble, The Red Cape	*Little*	2.00
Dunbar, Once There Was a Prince	*Little*	2.00
McGuckin, Little Cabbages	*Doubleday*	2.00
Du Bois, Captain Madeleine	*Century*	1.75
Forbes, Mario's Castle	*Macmillan*	2.00

"A RAMPANCY FOR ROMANCE"

FROM the Knights of Malta to a little black lamb on Irish hillsides is a far cry, but far cries go to make up life. Returning home from an evening spent in gazing at Maltese crosses and Maltese laces, and photographs of the island of Malta while tales of the Knights and their journeyings were related by the friend writing their history, I had no desire for sleep. My eyelids were lined with pictures of the Middle Ages. These vivid images must be displaced before sleep would come, but by what?

Broad galley sheets were spread out over a chair arm — the new book by the author of "Michael of Ireland," Anne Casserley — "The Whins of Knockattan." In the first paragraph the Little Black Lamb appeared, and away went even the great Knights of Malta before his impudence.

This little black lamb was so beautiful that he caught the attention of the Fairy Girl as she passed through the field and she took him home to be her lamb. But before long she discovered that he had some very serious faults, and his worst fault was "his habit of arguing and answering back. Whenever the Fairy Girl told him to do anything, he would set his four little feet firmly on the ground, put his little black head on one side, and argue and argue."

"Lambs should not contradict people as you do," said the Fairy Girl.

"Wrong again," said the Little Black Lamb. "You are thinking of white lambs. Go back to the field in the valley and take any lamb you like, and you will see that what I say is true. A white lamb has never a word to say for himself."

But the Little Black Lamb always has something to say for himself as he skips through these pages contradicting the Fairy Girl; hurling defiance at Shaughran, the old red fox; airing his bad manners and driving the Gray Cat to a frenzy in the little house of Paudeen and his Grand-

mother; getting into the cabbage-garden which was the pride and joy of the Tinker and of his donkey, Kian; leading Paudeen into mischief and disaster in a search for a fairy castle. The Little Black Lamb singlemindedly pursues his own comfort, his own pleasure and his own

Paudeen and Little Black Lamb

satisfaction. He expresses himself always with consistent frankness and is no respecter of persons in his contradictions:

". . . One flower is exactly like another." (This from Kian the Donkey.)

"You are entirely wrong, Kian," the Little Black Lamb said. "Marsh-marigolds have heavy, green, glossy leaves, and their flowers are a bright gold; wood anemones are light and white; while bluebells are bell-shaped and blue. So you see one flower is not exactly like another but altogether different."

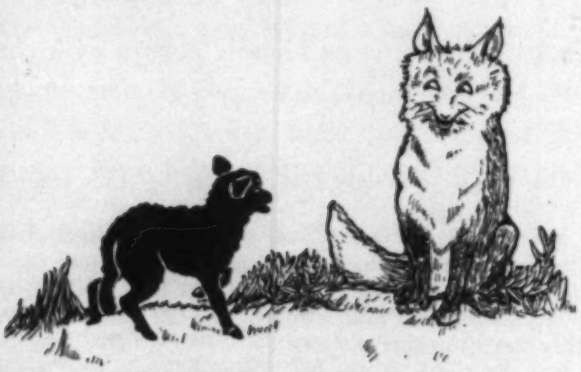
"You may be right, Little Black Lamb," said the Brown Cow, very severely, "but it does not become you to contradict your betters."

"Kian is not my better," said the Little Black Lamb.

The Little Black Lamb is in only four out of the twelve stories but the characters in the others are those already mentioned, together with a few more, — among them the

Leprechaun, Tomcat, Shemus, Shaun the Fiddler and Conn his Dog. And the background is always the same — the rocky and whin-covered hillside of Knockattan, looking off toward "purple mountains and the silver line of the distant sea, and the green valley below," the country near Lough Finnesk and Lough Banagher.

The stories have grown out of the land, and are imbued with wit of a dry and caustic kind. They are written with a quiet, skillful beauty, in workmanship akin to the carved oak bowl which Shaun the Fiddler made as a gift for Paudeen's Grandmother, — "beautiful enough to be an ornament in the palace of the high king himself." Miss Casserley has used none of the word patterns from other Irish tales. It is as though something almost too cleverly facile and poetic in the Irish nature had in Anne Casserley hardened into an imaginative integrity with no loss of humor. She makes her own illustrations and they are in perfect character and harmony with the text. Those devoted to "Michael of Ireland" need not fear to read "The Whins of Knockattan."



Little Black Lamb and Shaughran

Anne Casserley has "eyes for the dark" and her stories do not grow from "the jumble and jangle of the day which brings out fact, but from the night from which comes wisdom." It seems fitting to use Monica Shannon's

words to describe Anne Casserley's work. Anne Casserley is of Ireland born and bred and still living there. Monica Shannon has brought *her* eyes for the dark *out* of that land into the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California and is seeing in that rich, sunshiny land a genuine stream of new American fairy tales, begun two years ago in "California Fairy Tales" and continued this year in "Eyes for the Dark."

Being new and out of present-day America, they do not flow as quietly as those written in the old country. Some of Monica Shannon's stories are cascades of words. They have the intense nervous extravagance of expression and the staccato strain characteristic of so many Americans. Most, however, are bubblingly and confidently gay and delightful, and original to a marked degree. There is the story of Ana Josepha, who refused three chivalrous suitors for reasons so trivial that her Doctor Godfather declared she suffered from the ailment "a rampancy for romance."

"Petronila of the Coats" is a grave story, beautifully written, of a little sewing maiden whom a Golden Giant Spider of a star almost swept up forever into the sky, but the Marqués de Rubi bore Petronila away from the Californias to a castle in Saragossa as his bride.

"Have you ever noticed," asked the mermaid in the story called "The Fish Boy," "how much good often comes from mistakes?" "And did you notice," she queried later, "that they never waited to find out if we were really a king and queen at heart, but bowed as soon as they saw a golden crown?"

In the story of "The Merchant's Daughter," eight days after the wedding Feliciana sends her husband off to hide their gold in some corner of Alta California, and he promises to bring her a present. "Not wild flowers," said Feliciana, "not Marianas, but something costly. Something costlier than my string of real amber." And in the mountains a Cat, a Bat and a Spectacled Owl advise him

"the costliest present you could take your wife or any one else is Poverty." So Tomás Januaris gives his sack of gold to the three and runs down the mountain to take to Feliciana the gift of Poverty.

Surveying the mischief of Little Black Lamb

The collection contains ten Fairy Tales, four Old, Old Tales of Gods and Giants and nine Here and Now Stories, and their flavor can only be had by reading them. The book is illustrated by C. E. Willard, as was "The California Fairy Tales," but these new pictures have greater freedom and expressiveness than those for the earlier book.

One turns naturally from "Eyes for the Dark," with its Spanish names and references, to a collection of stories from the folklore and romance of Spain itself in the sixteen tales of "Castles in Spain and Other Enchantments" retold by Bertha L. Gunterman. The scene of each story is laid in a different town or province of Spain and vivid descriptions of the setting are incidental or important to the stories. "The Golden Pitcher," the story of the good and lovely Carmenita's disappearance on St. John's Eve, has the province of Soria as background, where "the greater part of the country shows nothing but bare mountains covered with snow for most of the year. Huge

masses of granite tower above on each side of the pathway; here and there deep ravines and cascades supply the springs in which the water is supposed to be extraordinarily good. The children living near these springs are employed to carry the water for household use, because there is a saying among the country people that those little ones who are best and purest will one day come upon a hidden Treasure in the mountain. In "The Magician's Castle in the Sea," one of the best stories in the book, the hero, Diego Alvarez, a young soldier fresh from the wars, came walking into Toledo from Madrid. "Beyond the deep gorge of the Tagus the haughty *Crown of Spain* rose high upon its throne of wall-girt hills. The fiery sunset gold flamed on the massive ramparts, on tall stone houses, convents, churches and towers, above which, four square, stood the huge mass of the Alcazar, or castle, a beacon to travellers." The plot of this story turns, too, upon the traditional antagonism between Spaniard and Moor, and upon Moorish wizardry.

Salamanca, Bourgos, Granada, Barcelona are names full of romance and "Castles in Spain" is an unusually interesting group of stories, rich as they are in memories of Moors and Visigoths, Spanish Knights and spirited peasantry. The book is attractive in form, too, well printed, with pictures by Mahlon Blaine.

"Many tales of Spain are full of memories of Charlemagne, Carlo Magno, they call him, but strangely enough history says comparatively little of his doings there" — so begins "Carlo Magno and the Giant" in "Castles in Spain." Indeed history seems to have less to do with Charlemagne than legend in any land he visited. Ula Waterhouse Echols has retold the legends and romances of the Charlemagne cycle, making the stories of the principal characters complete in unbroken sequence. Henry Pitz has made pictures for the book and the house of Longmans has made a particularly attractive volume, which

will prove a fine introduction to these tales for boys and girls younger than those who would read the Bulfinch "Legends" easily. Miss Echols introduces her book with a Who's Who among the Peers of the Realm, their friends and their enemies. Then follow stories of the Peers — Roland, Ogier the Dane, Charlot and Reinold; The Princess of Cathay; The Coming of the Saracens; The Madness of Roland; Roger and Bradamante; Charlemagne's quarrel with Ogier the Dane; the Passing of Roland and Reinold, and the story of Huon of Bordeaux; with Ogier's return to Charlemagne's court the final story. A boy who has read Miss Echols' book will like to follow it with James Baldwin's splendid "Story of Roland."

This fall of 1928 has brought with it a number of distinguished books for boys and girls, and one of the most distinguished volumes is Grace Taber Hallock's "The Boy Who Was." The boy who was is Nino, a goatherd, given the gift of perennial youth by one of the famous sirens way back in the ancient days of Phœnicia and Greece. We meet Nino first on Corpus Christi Day, 1927, and see his pageant of carved wooden images, the principal figures of his memory of different ages as he shows them to an artist, whom he begs to color them, — colors specified by Nino. He knows his history, that boy, for he has lived it.

There on his hillside he has watched the changing civilizations pass. His Poseidonia of the Greeks becomes Capreas in the days of Pompeii; Amalfi when the Byzantines defeat the Goths in 553; Salerno in 1076, when Robert Guiscard and his Normans take the walled town; Ravello in 1212, when Lord Rufolo entertains the Lord Bishop of Milan, come to tell the people of plans for a new Crusade; down to the Carbonari, working for free Italy in 1821. Here are no hackneyed, worn, stale stories, but fresh and exciting events of other days, in each of which Nino plays a part. The story of the Children's Crusade, told by the Jongleur at Lord Rufolo's feast for the Lord Bishop, is beautifully done.

Harrie Wood has made delightful pictures in black and white and in color. The end papers are a picture map of Ravello, so clear that one could use it as a memory guide.

"Above Ravello
Hills are yellow,
Blue is on Capri;
The boy is there,
Wind in his hair,
Eyes on the silver sea."

B. E. M.

All the illustrations in this article are from "The Whins of Knockattan" (Harper)

Books reviewed in this article:

Casserley, THE WHINS OF KNOCKATTAN	*Harper*	$2.00
Shannon, EYES FOR THE DARK	*Doubleday*	2.50
Gunterman, CASTLES IN SPAIN	*Longmans*	2.50
Echols, KNIGHTS OF CHARLEMAGNE	*Longmans*	3.00
Hallock, THE BOY WHO WAS	*Dutton*	2.50

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW

WHO of us, whether we have had ancestors who followed the sea or not, does not feel that the sea is the heritage of every true-born American? There are no brighter pages in American history than the ones which are decorated with the American-built, American-officered ships which set sail from the Eastern seaboard and contended with the "Roaring Forties" to open the trade routes of the world to American commerce.

Having declared its independence, the offspring of Old England set about competing with the parent country in

From "Clearing Weather." Illustrated by Frank Dobias. (Little)

the very element which she believed to be hers by divine right, a right which up to this time had been undisputed. How England's eyes opened, first at the swift, light-built and heavy-armed American frigates and privateers, and then at the rakish clipper under a cloud of canvas, which swept by the sturdy East Indiamen spreading sails with caution and deliberation.

"If a man had an elder son, who goes out into the world to make his own fortune, does not the father always hope that the lad will acquit himself well before all men? The war between us is over and settled. There is kinship be-

tween our countries still, and in the hearts of many of us is the thought that there will be a special sting in your doing ill, a special pride in your coming to success and honor."

It is just after the Revolution, and this is an English captain speaking to Nicholas Drury, the young hero of Cornelia Meigs' splendid new book, "Clearing Weather."

The Branscomb shipyard has rallied to the need of the time and in spite of many great difficulties, has built and launched the *Jocasta* and sent her forth to try all ports in the spirit of enterprise which characterized the young Republic. From the opening page of this book, when we first meet the nineteen-year-old Nicholas and sense the greatness of the storm that is brewing over the quiet town and the Drury shipyards, to the clearing weather, when the ship returns with her rich cargo, we have a swiftly moving, colorful adventure story, and a true picture of those vigorous days, a picture that reveals the ideals on which "the brave experiment in government founded upon liberty was standing steadfast." Nicholas Drury, Michael Slade, and Etienne Bardeau, the three young men of the story, each seem to embody a great characteristic of the "brave experiment" — steadfastness to purpose, enterprise, and idealism.

Whether we are in Branscomb with Nicholas, enduring the hatred and treachery of the overbearing Darius Corland, on the high seas with Michael, encountering Indians and Chinese pirates or glimpsing the wanderings of the freedom-seeking Etienne, there is always much to interest us.

Perhaps some readers may regret that the *Jocasta* appropriates the glory that historically belongs to the famous *Columbia,* the first American ship to sail around the world, and the one which opened the markets of China to American trade with its cargo of fur. However, Captain Robert Gray of the sloop *Lady Washington,* accompanying the *Columbia,* speaks to the men of the *Jocasta* in this way,

when they fall in with each other trading with the Indians of the Northwest coast:

"The men who financed us chanced to be among the few who still had money behind them, and yet ours was thought to be a bold adventure. What was it, then, for the Drurys, uncle and nephew, and for a little community like Branscomb, where so much has been lost by the fortunes of the sea? Such courage deserves success and with all my heart I hope and believe it will come to you."

From "Clearing Weather." Illustrated by Frank Dobias. (Little)

It was in 1790 that the *Columbia* returned, having opened up the possibilities of the great Northwest fur trade, and in 1810 came the Astorian expedition to the Spaniard's Oregon. Of this enterprise we read in a new story called "Davy Jones's Locker," by Reed Fulton. Mr. Fulton has written what seems to me to be best described in the language of the fourteen-year-old boy for whom it is intended as "a corking good story." It is well written; there is a large amount of absorbing incident, which has for accompaniment a vigorous exposition of life on shipboard in calm weather and when "the sea goes wild." Mystery, hatred, and cruelty are so directed at young Joe Stevens

that it seems incredible that he did escape Davy Jones's locker, and the suspense with which the reader awaits the breaking of the seal of the brown envelope about which the plot centers is of the variety which tempts him not to play fair and to look ahead a little. There are so many episodes worked into the story that it is hard to say just when the excitement reaches its boiling point, but each one, such as the shooting contest, the welcoming of King Neptune, the fight between Basile, the voyageur, and the evil Johnny Martin, the cruelties of Captain Dorn — all serve to make a highly flavored sea brew which has a real saltiness.

In "The Seal of the White Buddha," by Hawthorne Daniel, it seems to me we have the sea without its salt, and a clipper ship of 1847 bound for China on one of the mildest voyages clipper ever undertook. However, in it there is an interesting mystery plot, in which Hope Winchester, the granddaughter of a sea captain, finds a family fortune hidden away in China, and the story is better for the period atmosphere, however slight one may consider it. Mr. Daniel has also written this year a book, "The Clipper Ship," in which he attempts, by the imaginative method, to make those thrilling days live again. He has not been successful, for the book lacks the virility which, beyond everything else, a book of these great ships must have. His pretended passage on the *Great Republic* is but one instance of its lack of effectiveness.

For the *real* story of the clipper ship we have a new book to place on the shelf with "The Clipper Ship Era," by Arthur H. Clark, and "The Maritime History of Massachusetts," by S. E. Morrison, and this is "Some Famous Sailing Ships and Their Builder, Donald McKay," by Richard C. McKay. Surely boys and girls who love the sea and ships will enjoy this book with its many beautiful plates, and its text so full of dramatic incidents and the pervading vigor and inspiration of a great creative mind at work.

"To Donald McKay, America owes the honor of producing, during the Clipper Ship Era, the best, swiftest, most beautiful and largest merchant ships in the world, which contributed immeasurably towards her natural growth and prosperity." His was one of the hands that decorated those pages of American history of which we are so justly proud. The life stories of many of his famous ships — the *Stag Hound, The Flying Cloud,* the *Great Republic,* the *Sovereign of the Seas,* with their fortunes and adversities — make a vivid panorama of those days when "the elder son" came into his own. Strangely enough, Donald McKay, the foremost American builder, built for England "that historic American clipper quartet (*Lightning, James Baines, Champion of the Seas, Donald McKay*) that, notwithstanding transfer from the Stars and Stripes to the Union Jack, shed luster upon both." E. W.

Books mentioned in this article:

Cornelia Meigs, CLEARING WEATHER	*Little*	$2.00
Reed Fulton, DAVY JONES'S LOCKER	*Doubleday*	2.00
Hawthorne Daniel, THE SEAL OF THE WHITE BUDDHA	*Coward*	2.00
Richard C. McKay, SOME FAMOUS SAILING SHIPS AND THEIR BUILDER, DONALD MCKAY	*Putnam*	7.50

From "Clearing Weather." Illustrated by Frank Dobias. (Little)

AND NOW—LET'S GO UP IN THE AIR!

By Elmer L. Allen

Not literally, of course, but let's experience the thrill of flying the Atlantic with Amelia Earhart in the *Friendship*.

Miss Earhart's book, "20 Hrs. 40 Min.," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, records in considerable detail the whole course of the undertaking, and tells, in a very human and interesting manner, of the preparations, the disappointments, the terrors and finally the joy of achievement in what was undoubtedly a very difficult and hazardous passage from Trepassey, in Newfoundland, to Burry Port, in Wales.

The observations set down in the log book by Miss Earhart as the *Friendship* made the successive jumps from Boston Harbor to Halifax, to Trepassey, and on the long hop across, make the experiences and impressions very real and vivid indeed, and are extremely interesting and convincing reading. Miss Earhart tells the story in a light vein, but one can read between the lines the concern which she must have felt at times when the never-ending fog was most depressing. Yet the "fun of flying the Atlantic," as she has expressed it, has certainly sifted into the story, and much amusement will probably be derived from her descriptions of scenes and events during the entire flight.

The flight itself is the climax of the story, but the author also gives an interesting account of the development of her experience in aviation, and the final chapters deal with the problems and prospects of the future, with special reference to the place which women will occupy in the development.

II

Few books could be more timely, or more closely keyed to popular interest at present, than the revised edition of "Heroes of the Air," by Chelsea Fraser, and published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company. In this one volume are

recounted all the daring deeds of outstanding prominence in aviation, both past and present. It is packed full of thrills from cover to cover and an idea of its up-to-dateness may be obtained from the fact that events which occurred in July, 1928, are described.

No attempt has been made to be technical with regard to aircraft; rather is this volume a story of the human side of the historic events which it describes. There are sixteen chapters, beginning with "Flying — Past and Present" and including "The First Flight Across the Atlantic Ocean" by the NC-4 (Naval-Curtiss Seaplane), "The First Flight Around the World," as well as inspiring descriptions of practically all of the notable flights by American aviators during the past ten years. The achievements of the lighter-than-air craft are also recounted, and those desiring to become air-minded will find much to interest and enthuse them in this book.

The volume is liberally illustrated with action photographs of both crews and equipment of the various feats mentioned, and each event is outlined on accurate maps, which indicate the course followed.

III

"When an art or a science is born and developed with the rapidity of aviation the world is in a sense too stunned to get a good perspective on its advance. So it is that I believe "Historic Airships" fulfills a real duty for the present and carries a message of inspiration for the future." So wrote Commander Richard E. Byrd in his foreword to one of the most beautiful volumes on the subject of aviation.

"Historic Airships" is not by any means entirely historical; it is a very readable history of the development of aviation, and a convenient reference work for the more recent triumphs of the air. The volume itself might well be referred to as a presentation volume; several illustrations in full color, as well as many photographs and sketches, enliven the pages.

IV

So much for the purely "readin'" part of this trip into the air. Any of the above mentioned books will prove good reading to those interested in the subject, and for those desiring a more intimate knowledge, "Everybody's Aviation Guide" will probably be the initial volume to read and digest.

This book by Major Victor W. Pagé, U. S. Air Corps, is just about what its title suggests; a safe and valuable guide for those wishing to obtain a general and diversified knowledge of aeronautics and aerodynamics. It is a complete treatise in question and answer form, and considers all types of aircraft, both lighter-than-air and heavier-than-air. The reader starts at the beginning, where are outlined the elementary aerodynamical rules for the various forms of aircraft, and continues through ten chapters of extremely useful and informative information for the aspiring aviator. In fact, this book is listed by authorities as one to be studied by those intending to take up the subject in a serious way, as it outlines the fundamentals and will give a knowledge necessary to all in any way connected with aviation.

Hardly a page is without its informative diagram, plan or illustration of the subjects treated. In fact, the text answers the questions in words, while the illustrations make doubly clear all the points of construction, design, operation, control, maintenance, etc., which are covered.

V

That greatest of all airplanes, *The Spirit of St. Louis,* has been endowed with a personality by its owner, and it is easy to imagine both halves of the *We* partnership carrying on a conversation as they flew through the mist on the way to Paris. Indeed, it would seem that there is more than one airplane conversationally inclined, because Mr. H. Barber makes several of them talk in his book, "The Airplane Speaks."

In his Prologue to the more meaty sections of the book, the elementary principles of design air their various grievances, and having settled their differences, finish the job they undertook and the great test and cross country flight is on. Thus, by a sort of conversational introduction, the reader is led through an explanation of the underlying principles of airplane design as they are worked out in theory, and later through an actual test in the air of the practical application of the theories. As a device to make clear what is usually a very difficult subject, the author has certainly picked a winner.

The balance of the book treats of flight, stability and control, rigging, propellers, and maintenance, with a great many sketches and diagrams to make the explanations clearer. There is also a glossary of aeronautical terms. One of the most useful sections of this book should be the part of fifty-two pages in which the various types of airplanes and their development are fully illustrated. In fact, the student could hardly wish for a more complete and authoritative gallery of photographs than is contained in the closing pages of this volume.

VI

Not the least interesting of the activities in securing a layman's education on the airplane is the building and flying of models of airplanes. In fact, some model builders have said that the best way to learn how an airplane flies is to build and fly a good model, because flying a model is the next best thing to flying a real airplane.

The construction of accurate models of real airplanes is one of the most interesting and instructive things any boy or young man can do. There are many books for model builders now available, but probably "Model Airplanes: How to Build and Fly Them," by Elmer L. Allen, will be the most practical. It is essentially a text-book giving detailed instruction on each step in the construction

of different types of models. Each step in the whole construction of every model is told completely, and all details are clearly shown by a great number of diagrams, patterns, and plans. Lists of materials required and the proper tools to use are also fully explained.

Eleven different models are explained, starting with a simple, easily made glider, continuing with various types of single- and double-propeller models, and also including three-foot size facsimile models of such well-known airplanes as the Bleriot Monoplane, the NC-4 Naval-Curtiss Seaplane, the "Jennie" U. S. Army Biplane, the DeHavilland Biplane, Byrd's Tri-Motored Fokker, which was used in the North Pole flight, and Lindbergh's *Spirit of St. Louis.*

The book has been recommended by the Boy Scouts of America and contains the personal recommendation of Dan Beard, the National Scout Commissioner. It will provide an excellent source of practical, useable instruction for those wishing to construct a model airplane for its educational value, for the sport and instruction derived from constructing and flying it, or for entering in a model airplane contest.

Books mentioned in this article :

"20 Hrs. 40 Min.," by Amelia Earhart	*Putnam*	$2.50
Heroes of the Air, by Chelsea Fraser	*Crowell*	2.00
Historic Airships, by Rupert Sargent Holland	*Macrae*	4.00
Everybody's Aviation Guide, by Victor W. Pagé	*Henley*	2.00
The Airplane Speaks, by H. Barker	*McBride*	3.50
Model Airplanes : How to Build Them, by Elmer L. Allen	*Stokes*	3.50

JAMES DAUGHERTY GREETS WASHINGTON IRVING!

KNICKERBOCKER'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK in a new edition, edited by Anne Carroll Moore, illustrated by James Daugherty. *Doubleday*, $3.00.

THE ARTIST'S SALUTATION
to
FATHER KNICKERBOCKER

WE

Who step as nimble matadors among Manhattan's plunging traffic ——

WE

Who mingle in her kaleidoscopic nights — drifting through jewel-bulbed dreams reflected in ever black streets ——

WE

Of this acid-mouthed, nasal, radio-bawling, jazz-rhythmed, belly-aching decade

Open

Again old Irving's fat volume, corpulent fun oozing from aromatic vats of ample laughter. We quaff again your Catskill Vintage of mellow mirth and in our sour, slangy fashion salute you as our own

Special
Swell
Fun-maker and
Chronicler ——

Granddaddy of a glorious line of fooling, merry pen-men, gangsters, and wise-crackers of this our own Manhattan and no other city, whose high task of forging the diurnal jest and valiantly dispelling the demon dullness from the market places you first and so gloriously performed.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the radio audience,
FATHER KNICKERBOCKER speaking.

AFTER WORD

THE text of this book is that of the author's final revision made in 1848. It was closely compared with that of the limited edition illustrated by Darley and other artists and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons in 1867. The editor has merely cut several thousand words in order to make a readable book for those who have never read the complete work and seem unlikely to do so without help. There has been no rewriting or intrusion of editorial comment.

Readers are referred to the author's revised edition for Irving's very interesting historical notes and the introductory matter giving the history of the plan of the book and its first publication. The first edition was published by Inskeep and Bradford in Philadelphia on December 6 (St. Nicholas Day), 1809.

Of the revised edition of 1812 under the same publishers' imprint, from which Irving dropped the dedication to the New York Historical Society, the author writes:

"I received $1200 at 6 mos. for an edition of 1500 copies. He (the publisher) takes all the expense of printing, etc., on himself." It was a copy of the second edition of

Knickerbocker which Henry Brevoort presented to Walter Scott, "in return for some very rare books that he gave me, respecting the early history of New England. I enclose you a letter that I received from him since," Bre-

voort writes Irving. "You must understand his words literally, for he is too honest and too sincere a man to compliment any person."

MY DEAR SIR:

I beg you to accept my best thanks for the uncommon degree of entertainment which I have received from the most excellently jocose history of New York. I am sensible that as a stranger to American parties and politics, I must lose much of the concealed satire of the piece, but I must owe that looking at the simple & obvious meaning only, I have never read anything so closely resembling the style of Dean Swift as the annals of Diedrich Knickerbocker.

I have been employed these few evenings in reading them aloud to Mrs. S. and two ladies who are our guests, and our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing. I think, too, there are passages which indicate that the author possesses powers of a different kind, and has some touches which remind me of Sterne. I beg you will have the kindness to let me know when Mr. Irving takes pen in hand again, for assuredly I shall expect a very great treat which I may never chance to hear of but through your kindness.

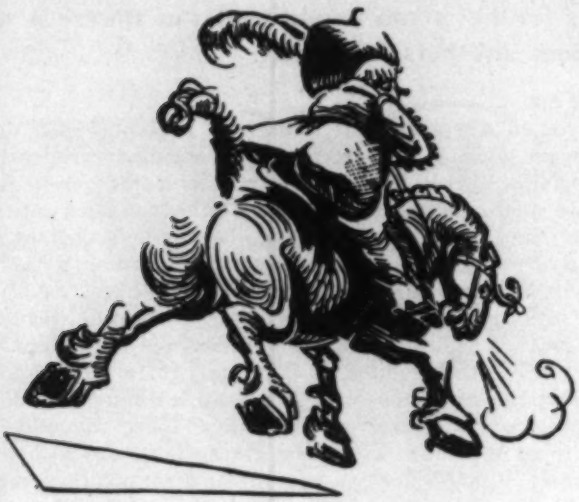
Believe me, Dear Sir,
Your obliged humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

Abbotsford, 23d April, 1813.

It was Diedrich Knickerbocker, then, who gave Irving the latchkey to Abbotsford six years before "The Sketch Book" was published, for "Walter Scott was the first transatlantic author to bear witness to the merit of Knickerbocker," says Pierre Irving.

It is interesting to note also that Washington Irving gave first aid to John Jacob Astor in founding the Astor Library of whose Board of Trustees he was the first president. In the New York Public Library of today, the Irving tradition is maintained by a perpetual exhibition of his books and manuscripts made possible by the gift in 1925 of the collections of Isaac Seligman and George S. Hellman. This exhibition in the rotunda of the Library is an unending source of pleasure and wonder to boys and girls for whom Irving had been too long associated with fine print and drab make-up to come alive in his own likeness in the twentieth century. A. C. M.



From James Daugherty:

I was born in Asheville, North Carolina. I remember vividly life on Southern Indiana and Ohio farms — lazy southern Washington before the war, also pre-war London, was a rich experience. Who doesn't love London? A wonderful trip to Italy when about eighteen.

Most wonderful of all, I think the pageant of today is fascinating. Our America — its engines, machines, steel mills, modern factories all in roaring action. A world of new designs, forms and colors awaiting its Michael Angelos.

In concluding — I owe my love and appreciation of books to those long, golden hours when, — even before I could read, and after, — my father and mother read aloud so glowingly — Chaucer, Spencer, Shakespeare, Uncle Remus, Washington Irving, Mark Twain. Out of these companionships, understandings and affections, spring whatever is worthy in the efforts I have made.

Perhaps in this mutual appreciation and shared understanding of the beauty, of the dreams, the pageantry and

the images that are held in books — lies their most enduring joy for us all.

The books which I have illustrated which I like and enjoy most are:

DANIEL BOONE, WILDERNESS SCOUT, Stewart Edward White	*Doubleday*	$2.50
ABRAHAM LINCOLN GROWS UP, Carl Sandburg	*Harcourt*	3.00
THE KNICKERBOCKER HISTORY OF NEW YORK, Washington Irving	*Doubleday*	3.00
THE WHITE COMPANY, A. Conan Doyle	*Harper*	2.50
THE STREAM OF HISTORY, Geoffrey Parsons	*Scribner*	4.00
THE SPLENDID SPUR, Quiller-Couch	*Doubleday*	2.50
THE CONQUEST OF MONTEZUMA'S EMPIRE, Prescott, edited by Andrew Lang	*Longmans*	2.00
WULNOTH THE WANDERER, H. Escott-Inman	*Longmans*	2.00
DRAKE'S QUEST, Cameron Rogers	*Doubleday*	2.50

All the illustrations throughout this article are from "Knickerbocker's History of New York" Illustrated by James Daugherty (Doubleday)

THE SHADY HILL PLAY BOOK

By Anne Sherwin
The Lee School, Boston, Mass.

To the educational point of view one must return sooner or later in considering a book written for children; and especially must it confront one in a book so full of past and future profit for a child as the "Shady Hill Play Book," . . . a collection of eight plays, arranged in the classroom from more or less well-known source materials for production by children, than which it is hard to imagine anything more beautifully fitted for the purpose.

The plays, as the preface tells us, have all been closely related to the life and various interests of the pupils of the Shady Hill School at Cambridge, Massachusetts. The producing of them has, in each case, been the final expression of the children's research into the sculpture, architecture, painting, bookmaking and daily life of the time in which the piece is laid: they have in a way "lived" the play before they give it. They have had a hand in arranging the scenes for many of the dramas; in the case of "Deus Volt: God Wills It," they have created the play *in toto* from the background of their study of the First Crusade. The stage has been the children's workshop for inventing, arranging, rearranging until the result most truthfully expresses their idea of what the play in hand should be.

So the plays, in their present form, come to us with the stamp of children's approval; but the very essence of their appropriateness to children is in the nature of the material from which they are made. With one exception — that of the majestic and beautiful Bible play, "The Prophet" — they belong to the Gothic or to the Romanesque age, — "Roland," "Sigurd the Volsung," "Our Lady's Tumbler," "The Shepherds" (adapted from the York, Coventry, Townley, and Chester plays), "The Miracle of Theophile,"

based on the old poetic drama of Rutebœuf, the play of the Crusades, and the chronicle of the loves of Aucassin and Nicolette: . . . all are of the time of simplicity and directness, when "all the world was young." Who but a child could so well bring out the singlemindedness of the Tumbler, when he goes through his tricks, as the only offering that he has, to make to "Our Lady," sure, too, of her motherly understanding! "I am like a young kid that frisks and gambols before its mother," he says. And the lovers, Aucassin and Nicolette, — cannot one most easily picture them as boy and girl, of twelve years old at the most? The child lover, gazing into the sky and longing for his love, sings:

"Little star, I see thee there
That the moon draws close to her.
Nicolette is with thee there,
My love of the yellow hair.
God, I trow, wants her in heaven,
To become his lamp of even,
Sister, sweet friend."

Who better than a child could bring before us Theophile of the simple heart, who, after being robbed of his goods by the Bishop, sells his soul to the Devil (and, as played at Shady Hill, "the Devil was black, face, hands and all, with the smoke of Hell-fire"), and thus defies the Bishop:

"Seeds of evil will I sow," but,

"Theophile, not *evil* seeds," says the Bishop, shocked, "Fair friend, think on other deeds"; whereupon Theophile repents and asks Our Lady to forgive him in lines of exquisite poetry. The stately measures of "Sigurd the Volsung" — a poetic fragment in which Brynhild, condemned by Odin, in expiation of her sin, to descend to Earth and marry a mortal, is waked by Sigurd, and rescued from the flames ("living" flames in streaming scarlet), and teaches him the wisdom of the gods . . . , are

perhaps less exclusively adapted to children. But I have no doubt that the actors of Shady Hill were equal to the task. And who but children could so well interpret the simple and lovely Nativity play, "The Shepherds" — even to the most ingenuous character of all, the youngest shepherd boy, who, kneeling with his gift before the Holy Child, says:

> "Lo, he merry is,
> Lo, he laughs, my sweeting —
> A fair, fair meeting.
> I have given my greeting —
> Here's a bob of cherries."

There is such charm in the traditional text that one misses it in the one of the eight plays that might be described as child-made — the play of the Crusades, "Deus Volt: God Wills It," in which, in the midst of a conscientious sprinkling of "thou wilt"s, and "thou hast"s, one comes upon such a homely phrase as "stay home" or "my head pains." For the child who has helped to make this play there may be a compensating spontaneity in the acting of it, but the child to whom the plays come "ready-made" might derive more inspiration from the text of one of the old plays so beautifully arranged by Miss Katharine Taylor or Mr. Henry Copley Greene, or from one of those for which the children have helped to group the scenes, with but little necessary addition to the original text. Perhaps the play in most marked contrast to the child-made drama is "The Prophet," a dramatic sequence from the Bible. It would be hard to overestimate the exalted dignity which the lines from the book of Isaiah give to the scene in which the prophet "lifts up his voice" to comfort humanity, groaning as it were in the darkness, and to which "The Nativity" comes, at the end, like the breaking of the dawn.

As simplicity — the simplicity of truth — is the keynote of the Shady Hill dramatic work, so simplicity is the note of their very skillful staging, of which the tools are unit boxes or blocks of different proportions, by means of which a stage of any elevation or arrangement may be constructed — and of which the moving spirit is that of "suggestion." The Shady Hill playmakers know how to avoid a confusion of detail designed to create the spell of "local color" for an audience, and how to concentrate on one or two effects which, provided they are the right ones, stir the imagination to conjure up all the rest. Thus in "Deus Volt," the scene is transformed from the interior of a castle lighted by a Romanesque arched window to an outdoor scene in the Holy Land, merely by the device of throwing a piece of white canvas over the arched opening: "The whiteness of this bit of canvas," says the note on the subject, "was enough to suggest the scorching sunlight and plastered walls of the East."

So in this atmosphere of jongleurs, of monks and heroes of the chivalric age, of devils and of saints, the children of the Shady Hill School have been stimulated to do their best work; and their "Playbook" goes out for the enjoyment and inspiration of other children.

THE SHADY HILL PLAY BOOK, by Katharine Taylor and Henry Copley Greene *Macmillan* $2.00

From "The Shady Hill Play Book." (Macmillan)

WESTERN MAGIC

There are no fairy-folk in our Southwest,
The cactus spines would tear their filmy wings,
There's no dew anywhere for them to drink
And no green grass to make them fairy rings.

But sometimes in a windless blurr of dust
The impish twins of War and Chance go by,
Or after storms the Spider Woman mends,
With thin drawn cloud, torn edges of the sky.

And there is One who plays upon the flute
In deep rock crevices where springs are found, —
'Twas at To-yallanne they saw him first, —
In April youths are magicked by the sound.

Hot dawns the turquoise horse, Johano-ai,
Races the sun in dust of glittering grains,
Or round Pelado Peak the Rainbow Boy
Goes dancing with the many-footed rains.

There are no fairy-folk in our Southwest,
But there are hours when prairie-dog and snake,
Black beetle and the tecolote owl,
Between two winks their ancient forms will take.

Clad in white skins with shell shield glittering
The sun, their chief, the Ancient road will walk,
Half in her sleep the mothering earth
Of older things than fairy-folk will talk.

From "The Children Sing in the Far West," by Mary Austin (Houghton Mifflin, $2.00
Reprinted through the courtesy of the publishers

THE HUNT BREAKFAST

HOME AGAIN

We came down from the High Sierra with the new moon, leaving the cool Sequoia Forests behind us. Two great owls got up from the fence post as we turned into our ranch lane. They got up quickly, without a sound, as owls do. It is part of their wisdom to move stealthily when startled. In no time at all, these two were hidden away in the orange trees, which are little pointed houses of leaves.

We had left our house empty, but as we opened the door, knew some one had moved in. Such a hubbub at our intrusion! And there on the hearth sat a company of black tree crickets, seeming to imagine loud chirping would make us think they belonged there. These black tree crickets are the sacred crickets of the Chinese, often having their own houses carved for them from ivory and jade. The males do all the singing, but only if their wives or sweethearts are around. They care nothing for public applause. And for all the position they hold in China, these black crickets never seem to take themselves seriously, chirping a rollicking chirp, as light as a sailor's chanty.

It was odd, too, their chorus, for the cricket season is over here. Only the cicadæ hiss now in our mountain oaks, sometimes of an afternoon or suddenly in the dead hush of night.

But this was a peculiar night. A forest fire burned behind and up to the ridge of our ranch mountains. A tremendous black mass of

mountains and all their points afire. Blossom Peak, our tallest peak, stood up like a volcano, tossing flame and smoke up to the stars.

And such a morning of heat! The sky full of hot clouds and a wind blowing down from burning pines, and cedars and giant redwoods. The blessed redwoods never burn down, but smoulder about the bases, while their sap battles with the fire. Redwood is only suitable for firewood, when its trusty fireman, Sap, has dried up.

To escape from the staggering heat and smoke, we went down for a swim in the Kaweah River, a river of snow water, fed from high Sierra peaks. But this year it is low, with here and there a pool, probably ten feet deep, where usually it is twenty. And all because only two and three feet of snow lay last winter on mountains, where twenty-two feet had packed to ice the year before. While we were swimming, an eagle and his mate circled distressfully over our heads. Refugees, burned out of their mountain nest, they lit on a water alder and looked forlornly about them.

We have had little rest at night, watching the pumps which raise river water for the orange and apple orchards, as all pump hands were called on fire duty. Three hundred men fighting fire, night and day! For weeks now, Salt Creek Pinery has been burning, and as we have no rain from late May to October, every leaf and blade of grass is brittle, crackling when the wind goes by. You can see what it means to battle with fire here.

And the queer thing is that we fight fire with fire. A strip is cleared in the forest and a fire started toward the timber already flaming. When both fires meet, with careful watching, the flame is extinguished.

And now, this fire is under control, the sky is clear again and the mountain breeze cool and piney, with a hint of autumn. The figs and apples are ripe, but I go about with a gnawing desire — a longing to hear rain again. That is why we are packing into the High Sierra Nevada on the eleventh of September. At their tops, these Sierra are often sweet with rain and, who knows, we may even find a mad snowstorm there.

MONICA SHANNON.

Wing Ranch,
Sierra Nevada,
August twenty-seventh.

Editor's Note: Monica Shannon's new book is "Eyes for the Dark." (Doubleday)
For review see page 32.

A GROUP OF NOTES ON NEW HISTORICAL STORIES

By Eloise Lownsbery

[Miss Lownsbery is the author of "The Boy Knight of Reims" (Houghton, $2.50) which was one of the outstanding historical stories for boys and girls of the fall of 1927.]

THE TREASURE VALLEY by L. Lamprey

William Morrow & Co. $2.50

Whoever would be a knight and a Crusader, sailing off from England and France to Damascus and the wide desert beyond, will find himself enthralled by this story. It is epic in its large movement of kings and ships and moving men. It is filled with a treasure hunt for the gold stored in a mysterious valley, a hunt bound up with prisoners captured by Saladin's conspirators, with the symbols and worship of the forgotten age of the Chaldeans, with courage and heroism and fighting crocodiles, and victory at the end. And though the gold won is not in tangible form for us, yet stored away in our minds to keep are shining bits of knowledge that forever after will make the Third Crusade and the time from 1189–1192 a living reality to us.

SWORDS OF THE SEA by Agnes Danforth Hewes

Alfred A. Knopf 3.00

A swiftly moving story of Venice and Alexandria and Damascus of the Middle Ages, of the thrilling adventures of a fine boy, of his ambitions for trade turned into great deeds for his country. Of ships and wheat and attar of roses, and hidden caves and underground passages, and Venetians and Bedouins, and brave hearts and evil thwarted by good. A story for older boys and girls who love smells and colors and glorious adventure in far countries. They

may travel with Dandrea and share in his dangers and exult in his victories.

A tremendous study in trade, of the lure of it, of the wider meaning of it as it changes nations and peoples as well as human beings.

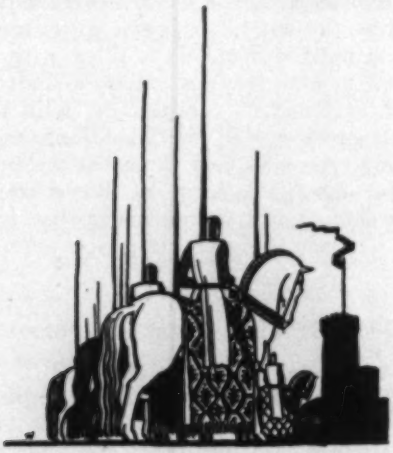
Plenty of sea fights and hair-breadth escapes, and the flash of wits, and brave deeds done with no thought of reward, but with large returns in the nick of time. The plot interwoven cunningly, and all events hinging on people and relationships. A boy's first great love — the interweaving of lives with the past of a thousand years.

Indeed, one feels that Lawrence Ilsley Hewes must have thoroughly enjoyed his share in the writing of this story.

MAGIC GOLD BY MARION FLORENCE LANSING

Little, Brown & Co. 2.00

Roger Haddon of Haddon Towers was every inch a Baron's son, and voluntarily apprenticed to his father's Alchemist. To search among the rocks of the estate for those which, when ground to powder, would produce strange fire was part of his day's work. The struggle of the great alchemist, Roger Bacon, to penetrate into the secrets of earth, air, fire and water in spite of the ignorance of the age caught up Roger into an eager quest for knowledge. The attempt to make gold, Roger's courageous stand for truth, the interweaving of his life with that of Roger Bacon, enables us to touch at the source those struggles which have produced the miracles of our own age of science.



Illustrations from "The Boy Who Was"
Illustrated by Harrie Wood
(Dutton) *(See page 36)*

TWO NEW FARM BOOKS

JUNIPER FARM (Il était quatre petits enfants) BY RÉNÉ BAZIN. Translated from the French by MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO
Macmillan $1.75

Simple, homely events of life on a French farm where four children, Max, Vincent, Jeanne and Pierre, pass their childhood, are here related with many true and delightful touches of French countryside and French character. The acuteness of the "call of the land" to those who are born close to it, and the personality and innate honesty which are developed by the following of it are brought out in Farmer Fruytier and his wife, Marie, and their children are wholesome and self-reliant.

From "Juniper Farm." Illustrated by Anne Merriman Peck. (Macmillan)

At Juniper Farm there was always plenty to do in stable, cowshed, bakehouse, and granary; in the long, sloping field of wheat and barley; in the pastures with the sheep, or in the meadows with the cattle. When Vincent and Max grow up they leave the farm, one to become a mechanic and the other to go into military service, but they carry with them a love and appreciation of the farm.

"There's a chap that's fresh from the farm!"

Vincent, who was busy filing down a new piece of casting and seemed absorbed in his work, turned around abruptly and retorted: "I'm proud of it!"

He added immediately with a good-natured laugh: "If it wasn't for us Paris couldn't keep alive!" And after a pause, looking the

Parisian over: "It would be a pity, too! There'd be a lot of good brains lost to the world."

The fact that the book is written by Réné Bazin is enough to guarantee its literary quality, but a few sentences will serve to show that what otherwise might be purely informational and dull, in his hands is touched by the light of imagination and poetry.

"Then, one by one, each of the little harvests was gathered in a heap; one of the Fruytier children carefully raked the ground all around it, pouring grain and dust all together in the winnowing mill. A white cloth was spread under the mill; Peter, who was both strong and patient, was given the handle, and he turned and turned, whistling and singing the while. The gleaner watched her little store of winnowed grain rise higher and higher on the white cloth. When all was ready she came forward, carrying her coarse linen sack. Farmer Fruytier himself poured the grain into it. Beside him stood a sack of his own wheat, which he dipped out with a wooden sabot, doubling each woman's measure in turn.

'Good-by, Monsieur Fruytier, and many thanks! To our next harvest!'

'If I'm still alive, little mother, and you, too! Good luck to you.'"

There are several full-page pictures in color and many drawings in black and white. E. W.

AN AMERICAN FARM. WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY RHEA WELLS *Doubleday, Doran* 2.00

From "An American Farm" Illustrated by Rhea Wells. (Doubleday)

Childhood experiences are most vividly evoked in later life through the senses. A whiff of pine, cookies baking, a distant locomotive whistle, the glaring sunlight of a city street tempered by closed shutters — and a whole year of childhood passes before us, summoned by a magic incantation.

Because it has this summoning power, adults will find "An American Farm," written and illustrated by Rhea Wells (Doubleday, Doran), an arresting book. Even those whose early years were spent in quite different surroundings from the little East Tennessee town where Peter and David shared the daily life and tasks of farm and household, will find some-

thing that recalls their own experience because the author remembers so well how impressions are received by a child.

"It was like this that Indian summer came, with a lazy, bluish mist which clung to the landscape and gave the distant hills and woods a mellow tone. The heavy frost had blighted the flowers and vegetables but it had colored the trees and shrubs with the glory of autumn. The sugar maples were turning to orange and red. The soft maples, sycamores, poplars, and some of the other soft-wood trees turned to varying shades of yellow. Here and there in the woods on the side of the hill were tall gum trees that shot out a blaze of scarlet. Beside old fence rows and the edges of woods, sassafras trees and bushes were putting on their variegated coats of yellow, red, and orange. It was summer's last blaze of glory before leaving the landscape to the drab tones of winter. Wild asters bloomed in the fence corners and wild honeysuckle still scattered its incomparable sweetness on the air beside roads and lanes to show its defiance of mere frost."

. . . . . .

"There were days of rain alternating with clear, bright days. Spring advanced, bringing more warmth with it. The bluebirds went further north and crocuses began to show here and there on the lawn. A scarlet tanager flashed through the trees and a few dandelions came out to greet the sun. The leaf buds on all the trees began to swell. In the fruit garden the peach trees shook out their pink blossoms and scattered the petals on the ground in every breeze."

. . . . . .

"The two boys had reached the lower side of the corn patch. They climbed over the fence and walked through the grass in the field, on the other side, until they came to the creek. Daisies, wild carrot, buttercups and red clover grew in the grass. There was a sweet odor in the field. It was the mingled fragrance of flowers and grass and growing things. Grasshoppers flew out of the way as Charles and Peter walked along the creek bank. A dragon fly darted about and then lit on a swaying rush. For a moment it remained motionless, glistening and iridescent in the sunlight, then darted away."

Passages like these bring back the seasons as a ten or twelve-year-old knows them, when they mean things to do, see, and feel, rather than dates on a calendar.

If there is a reminiscent pleasure for both country bred adults and children in the accounts of flutter mills, furnaces that will really cook, willow whistles and box kites, the descriptions are sufficiently clear and full to serve as directions for children who may care to experiment.

Peter and David are very much alive. "I like those boys," a thirteen-year-old boy remarked, "because they are real and they do

real things." Blanche, the hired girl, with her vigorous and colloquial speech, also lives in these pages.

But besides its charm, the book is unique in a way that makes it of especial interest and importance to schools. Occupations — activities, which are almost pioneer activities but which are still carried on in certain sections, are fully and clearly described. These activities children should know because they are characteristic elements which go to make up this country.

To the child knowing only city life this book gives a basis of comparison, and book knowledge in this case comes near to being an actual experience because the knowledge is given through the two boys of the book.

From "An American Farm." Illustrated by Rhea Wells
(Doubleday)

The story of wheat, how it is planted, threshed, poured into the hopper of the mill, ground and bolted, including a description of the generous dinner cooked by Blanche for the threshing hands, fills one chapter. "Soft Soap and Pork" describes "hog killin'," lard and sausage making, the smoking of hams and bacon, boiling lye and fat for soap. A teacher of a Fourth Grade listed as particularly good for content material the chapters on Wheat, Maple Sugar, Birds; the latter especially valuable for what it tells about the habits of birds, their nest building and characteristics, material hard to find in simple form. "And the children love the book," she added; "the Apple chapter made them all want to tell their own summer experiences." More than one teacher has spoken of the fact that the book is written on the child's level, as most of the content books are not. And in addition, a delightful humor permeates it.

A glossary tells the meaning of such unfamiliar terms as sorghum, spoon bread, strippings, poke (for bag), etc.

There are fifteen full-page drawings, illustrating, among other things, "reaping with a cradled scythe," the ash hopper used in making soft-soap, a sugar camp, a hotbed, an old-fashioned dasher churn. The frontispiece offers probably the only illustration on record showing a water mill from the *inside,* with the wheat being poured into the hopper over the grinding stones, instead of showing the water wheel from the outside.

The chapter headings and tail pieces and the small pictures scattered through the book are not only decorative, but cleverly illustrate the text, and on the end papers the reader may see represented the farm on which Peter and David lived — a house, barn, spring house, smoke house, brook and meadows, all complete.

ANNE EATON (Lincoln School, New York City).

LAURA MACKAY—
A MAKER OF LITTLE FOLK

IN an age of machinery and electrical science, when mechanics may be said to be king, there is a special joy in coming upon a piece of exquisite individual art, — an art which a person has been quietly but persistently developing alone over a period of years until she has brought it to a wonderful point of perfection.

Farmer Folk

Such an art is Laura Mackay's dolls, — each one the combination of imagination, originality, wonderful deftness and delicacy of fingers, and an artist-sculptor's talent for modelling. It is a magic power, almost the power of a fairy godmother's wand, for from her hands come fairy folk, musicians, country people, and such children as Alice-Heidi and Wendy in their last two "re-incarnations." In their latest form and as they are shown in these pages, they have the beauty and perfection of Miss Mackay's art today.

It was on the island of Monhegan that the Editor of The Horn Book first met Laura Mackay, and they wandered together over the hills and valleys of the island, clambered down steep cliffs into deep and shaded caverns, or lay in sunshiny hollows of an afternoon looking out upon the ocean through shadows cast by fir trees. Then the artist and poet were uppermost in Miss Mackay. Every summer of her life (but one) had been spent in lovely places by the sea or in the mountains. Her verses, her children's stories, and her paintings in oil were full of the joy of the out-of-door world. But it was clear that after her father's death, as the oldest daughter of the family, she had become her mother's partner in the conduct of the home, and to a certain degree in its support. All natural creative work was done in spite of home burdens, or as opportunity and delicate strength made possible.

Six or eight years passed, and when next we met, Miss Mackay carried a mysterious box. She opened it and out of it took, with what seemed the magic of an enchantress, fairies and a Fairy Queen, — tiny, exquisite things about four inches high, so completely flexible that their creator was able to pose them in a variety of dancing positions. But this was not all — after them came an orchestra of five and six-inch figures with their instruments, and each musician a distinct personality. For years Miss Mackay had been focusing all her imaginative and artistic gifts into the creation of these triumphs of her hands, — hands which a sculptor once said "could have learned to do anything." Miss Mackay and one of her sisters had had a knack for making toys. Her sister's dolls went out into the commercial world. Miss Mackay herself made in the beginning days the cabin of the Three Bears into which Silver Hair penetrated, having great fun in working out the details. Little surprise scenes for the family Christmas tree were also a part of her early work. Then followed more fairy people and the musicians. And at length all the characters one might see at a country rail-

road station — about thirty figures — with their baggage, and the old station itself.

The medium in which Miss Mackay worked up to this period was such that she could not perfect her little people as she desired, and so much labor went into them, they could show no profit. But her village folk brought her

Wendy and Alice-Heidi,
The Bookshop dolls made by Laura Mackay

recognition — a group of six of these were purchased for a museum in Japan. Since that time she has continued her experiments until now she has advanced greatly both in her manner and her results.

Along with the country people, there went to Japan last year John Alden and Priscilla, — all these dolls were a

part of the American gift to help in starting the first children's museum in Japan.

Miss Mackay has just completed an order for a family of thirteen dolls, two dogs, "an English butler with a red nose," an "Irish cook pleasant and fat," and an English nurse — all on the inch to the foot scale. Now, she is busy upon a group of Mother Goose children with their settings, for the Arden Gallery in New York, as a part of their toy exhibition in December. Her waiting orders call for a George Washington, a Lincoln, a Queen Victoria, a three-inch, dimpled baby boy with a jointed cat; a scene from "Tales of a Wayside Inn," an "Alice" and a fairy.

And we must not forget the Brownies. No one knows better than the constant visitors to The Bookshop the elf-like qualities of Laura Mackay's Brownies. For doesn't one of them live with Alice-Heidi and Wendy in their own house? He lives in their house to be sure, but seldom is it that they know where he is. Their visitors are always helping them to find him — under the wing chair, on top of the clock, in the dresser or on the balustrade.

May Laura Mackay herself be touched by the fairies with long life and more power to her fingers, and may the little creatures from her hand become makers of joy wherever they go.

B. E. M.

BOOK NOTES FROM GREENAWAY HOUSE

By Alice-Heidi

The Brownie has had our house all to himself for ever so long, for Wendy and I have been away. We went to a lovely place down by the sea where we learned to swim, and now if you come to see us, you'll find we're not the children we used to be, but little girls grown taller and taller.

The Misses Alice-Heidi and Wendy Greenaway

In all the weeks we were gone the Brownie did not send us one letter, and when we came home and asked him about it, he said the reason was we had no last name. One day, he said, he sat on our desk and wrote a long, long letter and then he addressed an envelope — that is, he wrote "the Misses Alice-Heidi and Wendy — " and then he stopped. "Why," said he, "I can't send this fine letter

Important to all Dolls! (*See page 118*)

because I don't know their last name. So far as *I* know, they haven't any!"

It is perfectly true, — we never have had a last name. So Wendy and I sat right down and thought about it. We tried Carroll, Spyri, Barrie — but suddenly Wendy said, "Don't you think our house ought to have a name, too, so our letters could come *straight* to us instead of going to The Bookshop office and waiting until some one thinks to bring them to us?"

After a long time of trying and writing down we shouted at the same moment, Wendy and I — GREENAWAY! So you must remember that now we're Alice-Heidi and Wendy *Greenaway* and our house is *Greenaway House.*

(The Horn Book Editor just looked over my shoulder and said, "Two pages and a quarter and not a book mentioned yet!" But I'm coming to books, although I wish Wendy and I could write all about our summer by the sea!)

When we had unpacked our trunks and settled our things we began going about the shop, and everywhere we looked were new books and new books. We took great piles into Greenaway House and we've read and read and read.

Wendy says we must begin with "Rice to Rice Pudding," and to tell you first of all that it's a very hungry book because it's all about things to eat — rice, butter, cocoanut, peanuts, ham, sugar, wheat and honey. If you can't read the words the pictures tell you the story, and you must learn to say it fast because there's the same kind of gallop to it as in "This is the house that Jack built," only "Rice to Rice Pudding" goes like this:

"This is the country of China.
This is the rice that grows in the country of China.
This is the water that floods the rice, that grows in the country of China.
This is the farmer who plows through the water that floods the rice, that grows in the country of China."

I must say that Wendy and the Brownie and I do like books that have things to eat in them. — Every one of

Miss Potter's has good things to eat and pretty cups and saucers. So when we looked into "St. David Walks Again" and read on the first page "The liner was like a huge long pier" — we said, "Oh, this is about a long journey on the sea. I *think* we'll like it"; and a little farther down, when we read "Grandfather's English lawyer looked at the two children in his charge and said:

"'What about tea, my dears? What about tea?' And they went below into what looked like a tremendously busy tea shop, and grandfather's English lawyer said again:

"'What about eggs, my dears? What about eggs?'" — Why, then we just *knew* we'd like the book. But we had no idea how much we were going to like it.

It tells how David and Felicity Hoblyn went from America to live with their grandfather in a little village of Cornwall. Their American mother and their English father had died, and their father's father had promised to care for them. But he did not wish to *see* them. He lived in a great dark house on the side of a great dark hill, with a little fishing village snuggled at its foot. The house was full of ancient grandeur and house and village were called Hoblyn Hill. The house had seen exciting days, and long ago another David, a boy of thirteen, just a year older than our David, had gathered men "from Mullion, from Truro, from Penzance and Land's End," and when the right day came, led the attack, and died helping to drive the Spaniards out of Cornwall. After his death the Cornishmen had kept Sir David's diary on a stand in their chapel; life at Hoblyn Hills had prospered; it had become the greatest fishing village on the Cornish coast; and every night the ghost of little Sir David walked the terrace to see that all was well. And then one day the diary was stolen. Little David ceased to walk the terrace, the pilchards did not come to Hoblyn Bay, and the fishermen grew lazy and did not mend their nets or go to sea. And up in the great house

Sir Ramon, the grandfather, lived in the past entirely and would have nothing to do with today.

Now, of course, this is only the beginning, for most of the story is about what happened when David and Felicity arrived from America to live with nice, jolly Nannie in a square little house at the foot of the garden, but never to see their grandfather or go near the great house. But Wendy and I don't like to be told too much about a book and we must not tell you any more — except that David was very brave, and Felicity, too, and they *changed things*.

We liked every bit of this book, even the descriptions. It has that queer something that we hear people talking so much about in The Bookshop — I can't think of the word they use. Wendy and I have discussed it a lot and we know now it's something you *feel* in a book, but you can't describe. You know when it's there and when it isn't there. It's there in the books we like; more in some than in others. The only trouble with "St. David Walks Again" is that it makes Wendy and me long for adventures of our own. We *feel* brave and we'd like to *do* brave things, not just read about them.

Oh, I was going to write about "The House at Pooh Corner," "Little Dog Toby," and *lots* of other books, but we've used up our space so, we can only say that we love Pooh and Piglet and Eeyore and Christopher Robin, too — we love them so much that we enjoy reading about them even in dull places. There are funny spots in "Pooh Corner" — but "Winnie the Pooh" is our favorite. Wendy keeps "Little Dog Toby" on our bed all the time. She says she must write a story for the Little Library. The Brownie says he *has* written one!

OTHER BOOKS WE LIKE

But did not have room in which to write about them.

ALICE-HEIDI.

(The starred ones were given special notice in the August Horn Book)

*AUNT GREEN, AUNT BROWN AND AUNT LAVENDER, by ELSA BESKOW — *Harper* $2.25

Translated from the Swedish. A charming picture book with a simple tale of three maiden aunts and their little dog, Pet.

*MERCY AND THE MOUSE

by PEGGY BACON, illustrated by the author — *Macmillan* 2.00

More of Peggy Bacon's delightful animals in stories and pictures. As full of liveliness as her "The Lion-Hearted Kitten."

THE WATER ELF AND THE MILLER'S CHILD

by MARGARET BAKER — *Duffield* 2.00

A friendly little story with charming silhouettes by Mary Baker. The Wise Woman brings good fortune to the miller, to the miller's wife, and last of all, the crowning touch of happiness to the miller's child when the water elf grows into the little boy playmate she longs for.

MIKE

by PEARLE M. BOYD — *Holt* 1.60

Mike has shoe button eyes, but he has many adventures of the kind boys and girls enjoy reading to themselves when they have just learned how.

THE LONESOMEST DOLL

by ABBIE FARWELL BROWN — *Houghton* 1.75

illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM

A new edition of this story of a Princess and her doll. Arthur Rackham has made many black and white pictures and several full-page pictures printed in two colors.

THREE GATES

by EDNA A. BROWN — *Lothrop* 1.50

Everyday life at "Three Gates" with Polly Winsor, her cat Mittens, and her dog Kerry the center of the activities.

TALES OF WISE AND FOOLISH ANIMALS
by VALERY CARRICK, illustrated by the author *Stokes* 1.50
Humorous animal stories with many clever pictures expressing wisdom and foolishness.

DOGS
by JULIUS KING *Nelson* .75
Twenty-four pictures of different types of dogs with a rhyme for each, and short descriptive text.

ALPHABET PEOPLE
by LOIS LENSKI *Harper* 2.50
Rhymes and pictures about familiar people, the cook, the ice man, the doctor, etc.

THE LITTLE LIBRARY *Macmillan* 1.00 each
Attractive new additions are:
ANDERSEN — THUMBELINA, illustrated by EINAR NERMAN.
OUIDA — THE NÜRNBERG STOVE, illustrated by FRANK BOYD.

*THE WONDERFUL LOCOMOTIVE
by CORNELIA MEIGS *Macmillan* 2.00
The Peter of this book will not be the only boy to thoroughly enjoy the exciting ride from coast to coast of the daring old engine Number 44.

JUPIE FOLLOWS HIS TALE
by NEELY MCCOY *Macmillan* 1.75
The story of Jean's and Jupie's spring and summer doings.

THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER
by A. A. MILNE *Dutton* 2.00
Christopher Robin is growing up. Pooh is the same old Pooh, and so is Piglet much as usual, but Tigger is a new friend, strange and bouncy.

THE RED HORSE
by ELSA MOESCHLIN *Coward* 1.50
A fine story picture book in which the toy horse and his little master take an interesting journey.

CONCETTA, THE CORAL GIRL
by VIRGINIA OLCOTT *Stokes* 1.75
Concetta's home was in Taormina. This story, with its bright colored pictures, tells how her eighth birthday was celebrated.

TOOTLEOO TWO
by BERNARD and ELINOR DARWIN *Harper* 2.00

Another verse story about shipwrecked Mr. Tootleoo and the Cockyolly family disporting themselves on the island in the Pacific.

COME CHRISTMAS
by ELEANOR FARJEON, decorated by RACHEL FIELD
Stokes 1.75

A choice little book which in its verses and gay pictures is full of Christmas delights.

*LITTLE DOG TOBY
by RACHEL FIELD *Macmillan* 1.00

Little Dog Toby's performances with Punch and Judy make him many friends. One of his merriest adventures is the Christmas party at Buckingham Palace.

*POLLY PATCHWORK
by RACHEL FIELD *Doubleday* .75

Polly won the spelling match, and the new dress made from the old patchwork quilt had a hand in it.

ANIMALS IN BLACK AND WHITE
by Eric Fitch Daglish
The Larger Beasts, Volume I
The Smaller Beasts, Volume II *Morrow* 1.00 each
Familiar and strange animals in clear black and white pictures with good descriptive text.

*MILLIONS OF CATS
by Wanda Gág *Coward* 1.25
An unusual picture book tale of a kindly old man who goes searching for a kitten.

*THE PICTURE BOOK OF TRAVEL
by Berta and Elmer Hader *Macmillan* 2.00
The story of transportation in bright colors from the caveman's pack to the bicycle and horse car.

THE STORY OF STEADY AND SURE
by C. J. Hamilton *Crowell* 1.50
Twin ponies have adventures with English children and in the end meet with the same owner.

AMELIARANNE KEEPS SHOP
by Constance Heward *McKay* 1.50
Ameliaranne, taking care of Mrs. Poppet's shop for a day, has a more exciting adventure even than with the green umbrella.

*LITTLE TONINO
by Helen Hill and Violet Maxwell *Macmillan* 1.75
The everyday doings of Tonino and his little sister in their Provence village, with much about the donkey Tintourlet.

*ROCKY BILLY
by Holling Clancy Holling *Macmillan* 2.00
A lively tale of a real Rocky Mountain goat with most delightful black and white pictures done by the author.

*SOKAR AND THE CROCODILE, A FAIRY STORY OF EGYPT, by Alice Woodbury Howard
Macmillan 2.00
Sokar-Shines-With-Spirit, the little son of an Egyptian potter, finds himself inside a fairy story. His adventures make a fascinating tale, amusing to boys and girls who are first learning about Egypt.

*JANE, BE GOOD! AND OTHER VERSES
by ISAIAH C. HOWES *Macmillan* 1.50

Funny verses devised and illustrated by a humorous and devoted grandfather.

LITTLE HEISKELL
by ISABELLE B. HURLBUTT *Dutton* 1.75

How Little Heiskell comes down from the weather-vane and brings Christmas cheer to some boys and girls of Hagerstown, Maryland. The decorations are gaily appropriate.

ST. DAVID WALKS AGAIN
by CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE *Harper* 1.25

Alice-Heidi expresses her delight in this story in the introduction to this list.

THE FARM TWINS
by LUCY FITCH PERKINS, illustrated by the author
Houghton 1.75

These are the youngest of the "Twins" and the farm stories are told in simple words and short sentences for children beginning to read.

PLAYBOOKS
by SUSAN MERIWETHER *Harper* 2.00 each

THE PLAYBOOK OF COLUMBUS
THE PLAYBOOK OF WASHINGTON
Illustrated by FRANK DOBIAS
THE PLAYBOOK OF KING ARTHUR
Illustrated by ESTHER PECK

A combination of picture book, story book, and cut-out book, interesting and instructive.

THE BLACKSMITH AND THE BLACK BIRDS
by EDITH RICKERT, illustrated by JAMES DAUGHERTY
Doubleday .75

"Near the Great Wood where the Bojabi Tree grows, there once lived a cross and crusty blacksmith." The story tells about him and his garden and a very great deal about the black birds.

THE BEGGING DEER
by DOROTHY ROWE *Macmillan* 2.00

A nice collection of short stories of everyday adventures of Japanese children.

RICE TO RICE PUDDING
by JANET SMALLEY *Morrow* 1.75
See Alice-Heidi's description of this fascinating book.

THE ADVENTURES OF ANDREW
by ELIZA ORNE WHITE *Houghton* 1.75
Six-year-old Andrew in a natural home setting has many happy adventures imaginary and real.

WILLY POGANY'S MOTHER GOOSE *Nelson* 4.00
Full-page colored pictures and many in black and white.

The illustrations in this list are from "Come Christmas"
Illustrated by Rachel Field
(Appleton)

AN ADDITIONAL LIST OF BOOKS OF 1928 FOR CHRISTMAS PURCHASING

The books reviewed and mentioned in articles in this magazine are not listed again here.

A BOOK OF ENCHANTMENT, by KATHLEEN ADAMS and FRANCES ELIZABETH ATCHINSON — *Dodd* — $2.50

"Here glow whatever adventures you would seek." An unusually well-told collection of tales of magic and valor from various sources.

THE CHILDREN SING IN THE FAR WEST, by MARY AUSTIN — *Houghton* — 2.00

Poems of the outdoors, animals and Indian life of rare quality. Miss Austin offers them to all "who wish to come into touch with the Great West by the children's road."

THE LOG OF "BOB" BARTLETT, by CAPTAIN ROBERT A. BARTLETT — *Putnam* — 3.50

The early days of his sea life and when the "big chance" came in the expeditions with Peary to the North Pole, all recounted interestingly and vigorously.

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY, by WILLIAM E. BARTON — *Bobbs* — 2.00

A straightforward account of the life of George Washington with excerpts from many of his letters.

THE PIGTAIL OF AH LEE BEN LOO, by JOHN BENNETT — *Longmans* — 3.50

Delightful medley of whimsical prose and verse with thoroughly amusing and lively silhouettes.

GIRLS IN AFRICA, by ERICK BERRY — *Macmillan* — 2.00

Delightful sketches of African girl life as seen by a young English girl.

THE LAND OF DREAMS, by WILLIAM BLAKE. Poems selected and illustrated by PAMELA BIANCO *Macmillan* 2.00

A delicately artistic edition of a selection of Blake's poems.

THE JOLLY TAILOR, by LUCIA M. BORSKI and KATE B. MILLER. Illustrated by KAZIMIR KLEPACKI *Longmans* 2.00

Humorous, vividly told folk tales from the Polish, well illustrated.

DRUMS, by JAMES BOYD, with illustrations by W. C. WYETH *Scribner* 2.50

An attractive new edition of this fine story of the Revolutionary period.

THE LANTERN AND OTHER PLAYS, by ABBIE FARWELL BROWN *Houghton* 1.50

The title-play is in the spirit of New England at the time of the Revolution, although not strictly historical, and the last of the four plays included is a short one for Christmas with five actors.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE HILLS, by FLORENCE CHOATE and ELIZABETH CURTIS *Harcourt* 2.50

Full of charm and quaint humor — a well-chosen group of simple folk tales collected from Irish, Welsh and Scandinavian sources.

THE PATHFINDER, by JAMES F. COOPER *Minton Balch* 2.50
Full page colored illustrations by E. F. WARD

THE TROJAN BOY, by HELEN COALE CREW *Century* 1.75

Against the background of outstanding incidents of the Trojan War, we follow the everyday adventures of two lads in the household of great Hector.

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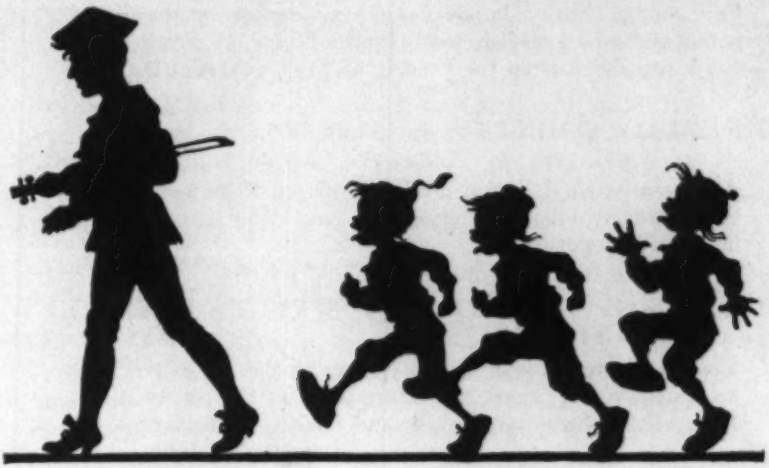

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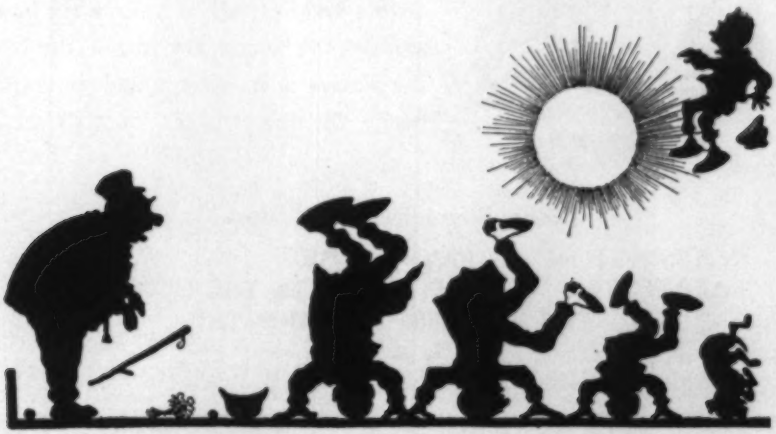

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